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Next week

ARCHIE MANNING, boy wonder quarterback of Ole Miss, puts his arm, his reputation and his freckles on the line once more against Alabama in a replay of last year's 33-32 thriller.

JACKIE STEWART, the '69 Grand Prix champion, describes the world's toughest corners—and tells what must be done to make racing safer. Illustrations by Bob Peak.

NIKOLSKI, already winner of England's Triple Crown for 3-year-olds, takes on Europe's best in the world's toughest thonged race, the Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp.

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TV TALK

ABC was tight in the season opener, but it fielded a team to keep an eye on

Responding to that question so often asked—what kind of a nation is it that can put a man on the moon but can't put pro football in prime-time TV?—ABC began its NFL Monday night season last week with the first of 13 specially scheduled games that the left hand of Pete Roselle took away from the right, CBS and NBC, on Sunday afternoon. The game was an attractive one, Cleveland Browns vs. New York Jets, the ratings share was a stunning 35%, and enough different sponsors flashed their wares on the screen to comfort network treasurers.

Artistically, however, the results were mixed. ABC is earnestly and wisely dedicated to the proposition that it can make a pro football telecast tolerable to the sensitivities of that portion of the population that is functionally literate but, despite the best intentions, the opening game found the ABC team unduly timid and too often working at cross-purposes.

ABC is attempting to provide more comprehensive and distinctive technical coverage than has been customary in the past, while accompanying this with revolutionary TV sports dialogue, i.e., honest criticism. For the latter, ABC constructed a balanced team. Keith Jackson was brought in from the West Coast to provide an uncluttered play-by-play. Dan Meredith, the ex-Dallas Cowboy quarterback, was cast as your just-folks "expert analyst." (Don't grumble. In a land of "free gifts" you are certainly entitled to a run-of-the-mill redundancy like "expert analyst.") And Howard Cosell was supposed to be, well, Cosell. In support of this chore, Producer-Director Chet Forte had nine cameras at his disposal, which is two more than the usual quota. Prior to the game, Cosell was warned that Forte would go berserk trying to show off all his dazzling technical tricks, but Forte exercised commendable self-control, using his various replay techniques on no more than 20% of the plays. Cosell and Meredith exhibited similar restraint, but for the worse. Neither was as revealing, acerbic or humorous as he had intended to be, although there were some laudable moments of candor.

The employment of ex-athletes as color commentators is a vote for incompetence that we have long tolerated. It is the product of a mentality that would have a patient to advise at his next operation. But Meredith—as ABC well recognizes—is a potential exception. He is smooth and clever in the TV genre ("Anyway, I can beat you here," he told Bart Starr once after they appeared together on the Johnny Carson show). In his rookie game, however, Meredith was tight. Cosell, trying nobly to help the new

fellow along, unfortunately kept referring to him as "Dandy Don," which conjured up an image of a round-faced ventriloquist's dummy. There was also a general effort, which Meredith encouraged, to make him over into some sort of Joe Garapolo with shoulder pads. Meredith was too good an athlete to be thus cast, and may end up as too good an announcer as well.

Cosell's problem is more involved, for it is not with himself but with his role. "I question seriously whether I will have time to be myself," he said beforehand, and he was right. The only outspoken national television journalist in his field, Cosell was wasted, for he was generally restricted to play-by-play footnotes. Since the "expert analyst" is there for that very task, Cosell would be more valuable if he could sit back and collect his thoughts, leave the mike only infrequently and then discourse at greater length on the overall sense of the game, or on any other related subject. His nadir came at halftime when he was merely required to prattle on about film highlights of games that were exactly as old as yesterday's news. This would have been the perfect spot for a pungent Cosell essay or interview.

"With the intelligent viewers, I'll destroy the parrots in the cages who have been providing us with their fangued litany for years," Cosell said—off mike—before the game, yet his role in the end reduced him to the likes of: "The Jets are outdistancing them, but the Browns don't make mistakes." Back to you, Keith.

Just as Cosell could provide the broad view, and may when he gets the feel of what he is up to, so, as counterpoint, could some of the myriad cameras better seek out the rare small spectacle of personality and emotion. ABC has added both cameras and talented personnel without changing the basic philosophy of football coverage. Everything is still concentrated upon each play as an entity, rather than as part of a whole game. With the isolated camera, slow motion and replay, TV gives us the play. But a question arises. Could it now give us the game? Could it show more reactions of the principals, for instance, as Forte did once with a magnificent shot of a defeated Nymath. Each split screen is passer and catcher—all line technique. But how about a split screen that shows offensive stars watching their defensive cohorts on a goal-line stand? Or, occasionally, let us see, live, other components of action. At second and four on the 35, say, forget the ball for once and show us the small drama at left tackle. (If it turns out to be a draw play that goes for 65 yards and a touchdown, blush and be quick with the instant replay.)

To sum up, last Monday night ABC took, a faltering first step toward bringing more intimacy and scope to pro football. As first steps go, it wasn't too bad.

—FRANK DEFORD

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BLOODY YANKS

Australians, never a notably placid people, turned flaming red and began spouting steam from their ears when their *Gretel II* was disqualified in that controversial second race of the America's Cup series. Americans, preoccupied with the pennant race in the National League East and the first games of the football season, may have wondered what the fuss was all about, but in Sydney and Melbourne and Brisbane and Adelaide and Perth the pubs were bouncing with ill-concealed fury. The Aussies disinterested, for conversational purposes, Les Darcy, the Australian wonder boxer who came to America to fight in 1917 and died in Tennessee, and Phar Lap, the Australian wonder horse who came to America to race in 1932 and died in California. The *Sydney Daily Mirror* asked, "When are the Americans going to stop nobbling our champions?" Another commentator wrote, "Everything the U.S. did for American-Australian good will in the Battle of the Coral Sea in 1942 was undone when the New York Yacht Club ruled out Australia's Antares's Cup win with a foul."

The *Sydney Sun*, more temperate, asked, "But what do we do? Send the [aircraft carrier] *Melbourn*? Withdraw from Vietnam? Constitute the cost from General Motors' profits? *Gretel* won that race and gave *Intrepid* a shove start for good measure. But you can never beat the men who interpret the rule books."

When *Gretel II* came back to upset *Intrepid*, most Australian newspapers ran huge heads with just one word: *GRETII*. And the *Sydney Sun* added in a most satisfying subhead: "*Gretel*'s sweet revenge."

COLO COLORS

Charley Finley, owner of the Oakland Athletics, who pioneered green-and-gold uniforms and white shoes for his baseball players, suggested, after he had bought the National Hockey League's Oakland Seals, that he might put white

skates on his hockey players. That suggestion was sternerly rejected at the time by hockey authorities, but now, by golly, the stand old NHL has reversed itself. At least six of the 14 teams in the league will have brightly colored underpinnings this winter. The Detroit Red Wings will wear red skates, the Los Angeles Kings purple and gold, the Pittsburgh Penguins two-tone blue, the St. Louis Blues blue and gold and the Philadelphia Flyers orange and black. As for Charley Finley, never mind that placid white. His Seals expect to take the ice in the traditional Finley colors: kelly green and Fort Knox gold.

All right, now, what about those pucks? How about puce? Magenta? A lively psychedelic swirl?

BUCKS FOR THE BUCKS

Final returns on the Milwaukee Bucks' Lew Alcindor investment are in. *The Wall Street Journal* reports that for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1969—which means without Alcindor—Milwaukee Professional Sports & Services, Inc. reported a loss of \$371,894. For the fiscal year ending May 31, 1970—with Alcindor—the Bucks reported a profit of more than half a million dollars. Before Loose, the Bucks were a last-place team with a record of 27 wins and 55 losses. With him, they won 56, lost 26 and made the NBA playoffs. Home attendance increased 50% to an average of 9,490 fans per game, and the Bucks had the best road attendance in the league. All this, and now Oscar Robertson, too.

RISE AND SETTING SUNS

Horse racing, very big in Japan, is apt to get even bigger or, at any rate, better. Japanese horsemen have been buying top bloodstock in Great Britain for the past few years and now have bought The Ridgewood Stud, one of the most modern stud farms in England. The aggressive Japanese have upset the British a bit, particularly in their purchase of Ridgewood. The previous owner, Mrs.

Jennie Bolton, died a year ago at the age of 30, and proceeds of the sale are being held in trust for her 2-year-old son. The child's grandfather commented: "It is heartbreaking to see Ridgewood passing out of the family. The stud was bought by an agent on behalf of an unnamed client. I learned two days later that the client was Japanese. That came as a bit of a shock. Not that I have anything against them—but they do appear to be making plans to take us over."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

In its Adult Education Program this fall, Schreiber High School of Port Washington, N.Y., is offering a course called Football Togetherness which, according to the catalog, "is designed to help wives and mothers to survive the Fall football season. Whether you watch Little League, college or pro games, a knowledge of football basics can only add to your enjoyment of the crisp Fall air or smoke-filled TV room. Terminology (first down, defensive end, the difference between a block and a tackle) and fine points of play will be explained." Re-



port to Room 10 Tuesday night, Oct. 6. Course costs \$7.50 for five two-hour sessions. Pass it and maybe you can go on to more esoteric subjects like "Selected Pass Patterns" and "Advanced Blindside Blocking."

JOCK

Dr. Norman Hackerman, the new president of Rice University, is not a member of that group of educators who, either through personal distaste or prac-

tical economics, feel that college football is on the way out. He used to feel that way, he says, but not anymore. Dr. Hackerman, who was president of the University of Texas before moving to Rice, says, "Several years ago, because of the influx of professional football, I saw the end of intercollegiate football as we know it. But I have changed my mind. At Texas I learned that football is a good emotional focus. I like it. And I must point out that universities which have dropped football are now taking another look. I refer specifically to Fordham and the University of Chicago. Everything suggests that intercollegiate athletics is not vanishing from the scene."

"I don't have this totally academic idea," admits Dr. Hackerman, who at 58 plays squash twice a week and has a lean, agile athlete's build. "I may be criticized for being the other way."

HELLO, FISH

Mel Immergut, a Columbia Law School student, caught a 1,040-pound tuna last week in the Gulf of St. Lawrence off Canada's Prince Edward Island, breaking the unofficial record of 985 pounds set only 23 days earlier by Dr. Richard Hausknecht (SI, Sept. 21). Before Hausknecht and Immergut came along, the record had stood at 977 pounds for 20 years. Hausknecht had little trouble getting the weight of his catch verified, for he was fishing off Montauk Point, which has a long history of record game fish. But Prince Edward Island is a place that has hardly been touched—until recently—by sports fishermen. Immergut chartered a weathered old lobster boat with a funny-looking barberlike fighting chair bolted to the deck. At 10 in the morning of the first day of fishing, after only 20 minutes of slow trolling, his bait was bit, and just 38 minutes later the big fish was brought alongside and gaffed. It was too large to fit through the landing door in the boat's transom and far too heavy to pull over the side, so they had to drag it ashore.

On shore, after using block and tackle to get the tuna into a borrowed truck, they drove to a platform scale at a nearby seaweed-processing plant. They weighed the truck with and without the fish, subtracting one figure from the other to get the tuna's weight. The man doing the weighing and subtracting kept muttering, "It couldn't be right." But it was: 1,040 pounds, the first thousand-

pound tuna ever caught on rod and reel. Immergut began looking for more witnesses, but most of those he called were attending the funeral of a Prince Edward Island man who had died of a heart attack two days earlier after fighting a tuna for 45 minutes and then losing it. He also wanted verification from another scale. They hosed the fish down to slow dehydration and drove 12 miles to a fish-processing plant, but the scales there proved inadequate. They then took the fish for a two-hour drive to a fertilizer company. When they weighed it there, the tuna had shrunk to 1,030 pounds, but the record weight was verified.

The next day was too rough for fishing, but on the day after that John Kobayashi, Immergut's fishing companion, caught an 870-pounder, a tremendous tuna in its own right. Again, as they had so many times in the 48 hours since the morning the thousand-pounder had been caught, the two men spoke about a gift Immergut had given Kobayashi the night before they left for Prince Edward Island. It was a first edition of Zane Grey's *Tales of Swordfish and Tuna*, and inside the front cover Immergut had written an inscription, partly his, partly Hemingway's: "9-21-70. On the eve of the search for the great thousand-pound tuna—In September, the month when the great fish come."

ODD COUPLE

And then there are Sam Rymer, who is 84, and his pal Mike Jones, 70 years younger, who landed a 42-pound, 12-ounce chinook salmon near Muskegon for a Michigan state record. The two not only weighed the monster, they carefully measured it, too—it was 42½" long, had a girth of 26" and a tail spread of 12", and its jaws opened to 7½". The only thing they didn't do was have it autenticated. Instead, they cut it into chunks, smoked it, ate some of it themselves and passed the remainder out to friends. Well, that's what a fish is for.

WOMEN'S LOB

Women tennis players have joined the revolution. Seven American and two Australian women decided to compete for prize money at the Virginia Slims tournament in Houston. The USLTA warned that if they played for money instead of trophies in that particular tournament they would be suspended. "We

really don't care," said Billie Jean King, the top American player. The women were miffed because the next sanctioned tournament, the Pacific Coast International, had announced that the winner in men's singles would get \$12,500, the winner in women's singles only \$1,500. The Houston tournament withdrew its prize money but the women deliberately accepted token payments from *World Tennis* magazine, which, in effect, made them contract pros, and the tournament reinstated the cash. Then the Pacific Coast International announced that prize money in the women's division there had been upped from \$2,000 to \$11,000. "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to women's tennis," beamed Mrs. King. "In substance, the USLTA was asking us to take money under the table again. I've received \$4,500 in expenses for competing in one tournament. Well, we've had enough of that."

"This is not a women's liberation movement," she added. "It's professional tennis. If you get money from a sport, you should be labeled a pro."

THEY SAID IT

- Scott Hunter, Alabama quarterback, on why he came to Alabama: "My folks went to Auburn. Joe Childress [former star running back at Auburn] was my cousin. My father's uncle coached at Georgia. And I used to live in Mississippi. That meant I had to go to Alabama. Right?"
- Duffy Dougherty, Michigan State football coach, on hearing the suggestion that State's 42-16 loss to Washington could be attributed to the lack of traction his teams' shoes had on the artificial turf: "Blaming shoes for our loss is like blaming the Johnstown flood on a leaky faucet in Altoona."
- Dr. Don Tarr, 31-year-old general practitioner from Miami, explaining why he races stock cars on NASCAR's Grand National circuit: "I race because I enjoy it. I could make three times as much money if I never paid attention to anything but my practice and delivered more babies. But what good is all that money?"
- Doc Clapper, Boston Bruins star for 20 years and member of hockey's Hall of Fame: "Bobby Orr is the greatest defenseman who ever lived. He's better than Eddie Shore or I ever was. He can do everything. He's worth every cent he gets."

ENO

NO CUP FOR THE LADY

But, ah, what sharp teeth "Gretel" had as she provided the strongest challenge in recent America's Cup history. A victory on Monday clinched "Intrepid's" successful defense after an emotional series **by CARLETON MITCHELL**

Intrepid had barely put her bow across the finish line off Newport when a crew member rushed forward to hoist a flag to the masthead. A last fitful puff of a dying northerly breeze unfurled it against gray autumnal skies, and emblazoned for all to see were the words, "Ficker Is Quicker." It was a fitting tribute for a race well sailed and a victory well deserved, but perhaps on this final day of the 21st America's Cup challenge it should have read, "Ficker & Co. Are Slacker." For it was less a matter of Bill Ficker or the American 12-meter *Intrepid* being quicker than a triumph of crew work, accurate navigation, sound tactics and good helmsmanship. The strongest—and longest—challenge had just culminated in the most exciting race of the 4-1 series, and *Intrepid* had won in conditions that all observers had come to believe favored the Australian challenger, *Gretel II*.

The winds were tricky offshore slants of eight knots and under, and more than ever it seemed the start might be the decisive factor, but Jim Hardy, on *Gretel's* helm, got away on top. Within two minutes *Intrepid* was forced to tack under the Aussies' stern. Twice *Intrepid* came back, unable to cross, but on the third try *Gretel* was forced to go onto starboard tack under *Intrepid's* lee bow, close enough to backwind the defender. Onlookers assumed *Intrepid* would tack clear, but evidently Ficker sensed a slight lift, which he utilized to pinch out into clear air.

This was perhaps the decisive point of the race, for Ficker made a perfectly timed tack to fetch the first mark while

Gretel had to make two tacks. *Intrepid* now led by 44 seconds, and needed every tack. On the ensuing reaches *Gretel* shaved off five seconds. Much of the second windward leg was sailed in even closer quarters than the first. One mistake by *Intrepid's* deck gang or winch pumpers would have been fatal.

And so they came to the final downwind turn only 20 seconds apart, with the breeze falling ever lighter. *Intrepid* reacted like a champion. *Gretel* repeatedly tried to force an error; *Intrepid* responded by opening the longest lead of the day, 1:44 at the finish. Ficker & Co. had made no mistakes.

But for a parallel to the gaffe which had kept the series alive into the 14th day, it was necessary to turn to the records of a landbound sport, back to 1941, when in the fourth game of the World Series Dodger Catcher Mickey Owen dropped the third strike for the third out in the ninth inning. The Dodgers were leading but Yankee Tommy Henrich reached first base, and the rest is history. The Yanks rallied to win the game and the Series. On Thursday, when *Intrepid*, leading 3-0 in a best-of-seven series, failed to cover *Gretel* while far ahead on the last lap it seemed to some observers that a few echoes from Ebbets Field were drifting through the fleet.

Their Tuesday meeting had been peaceful and gentlemanly. YACHT RACE RETURNS TO ROUTINE read *The Providence Journal's* headline, although the global outcry following the second-race disqualification of *Gretel* had barely quieted. *Intrepid* made a perfect start, gaining a lead that she sorely needed all around

the course. *Gretel* pressed close astern and finally was defeated by only 78 seconds after 24.3 miles. One mistake anywhere could have reversed the result, but Bill Ficker and his crew sailed a flawless race.

And so Thursday's contest began. Again Ficker got the jump at the start—almost the key to victory between two boats so evenly matched. *Intrepid's* lead was a scant 29 seconds at the first mark. Painfully she eked out another 33 seconds on the next four legs to come to the final upwind turn 1:02 ahead.

Gretel tacked before going far, and *Intrepid* applied loose cover. Then *Gretel* tacked away again, and *Intrepid* let her go, violating the golden rule of match racing: stay between your adversary and the mark. All afternoon *Intrepid* had been covering late to avoid getting into a tacking duel with *Gretel*, which could accelerate faster in the light breeze, but this time there was no excuse. A tack not only would have kept her ahead but almost on the lay line to the finish; *Gretel* could not have forced a duel.

About halfway up the leg the wind veered slowly, lifting *Gretel* first. Ficker and Tactician Steve Van Dyke responded too late. *Intrepid* had stood into lighter air, then had tacked after she in turn was lifted, and so slowly headed back almost to *Gretel*. It was a replay of Ficker's error in the first race of the final elimination trials against *Valiant*, but this was a World Series, and on this occasion *In-*

continued

Sunlight on sails and sea enhances the beauty of Australia's swift and stubborn challenger.





In the foul that cost her dearly "Gretel" (left) bounces off "Intrepid" at starting line.

Intrepid had dropped the final strike.

At first onlookers could not believe what was happening. Changing angles made relative positions uncertain, and it seemed like an optical illusion as *Gretel* took the lead. Some 200 yards from the finish there could be no doubt. To cross, *Intrepid* was forced to tack. With agonizing slowness in the dying breeze she gathered way, and sagged astern of *Gretel*. Although she was little more than a length behind at the line—the closest finish in America's Cup history—the time margin was 1:02. That was the same as *Gretel* had trailed at the last mark.

The spectator fleet had dwindled during the week from the monster marine parade that followed earlier events, but even so *Gretel* came across the line into pandemonium. The return to harbor was a triumphant procession with church bells ringing and automobile horns blowing as the Aussies warped into their dock. To complete the triumph, their flag signaling a willingness to race the next day was answered by a negative in the rigging of *Intrepid*. For the first time in memory a defender had been forced onto the defensive.

Needless to say, long after the excitement and close competition of the 21st challenge have dimmed, the disqualification that cost *Gretel* the second race will be discussed. For the benefit of sail-

ors who were not present and nonsailors who became emotional without understanding the circumstances, it seems essential to review events, beginning with the protest in the first race. On that day Jim Hardy and Bill Ficker came together in a starboard and port tack crossing situation, with *Intrepid* altering course to keep clear. When the Aussies came too close for Ficker to take further evasive action, *Gretel* luffed and would have struck *Intrepid* had not Hardy tacked at the last moment. As no contact was made, the race committee disallowed both protests.

The following day the Aussie camp announced that "Gentleman Jim" Hardy, so called in Sydney for his mild manner, would be replaced at the start by Dutch-born Martin Visser, who had

earned a reputation for aggressiveness during trials Down Under. Sunday was clear, the sea calm and the wind a gentle six to eight knots. At some two minutes before starting time, Ficker reached away from the line to make a timed run for the committee boat end. Visser placed *Gretel* on an intercepting course and waited. To anyone with the slightest knowledge of racing tactics it was obvious that his intent was to give *Intrepid* no room at the mark, forcing Ficker either to pass outside or bear off to leeward. It was a perfectly legitimate gambit, if properly executed.

Intrepid, coming from astern, was to windward and moving much faster. A few seconds before the gun was due, I muttered into the tape machine on which I record maneuvers for later transcription, "*Gretel* is trying to squeeze *Intrepid* outside the committee boat. . . . There's the gun. *Intrepid* has room to pass. She's going through. . . . *Gretel* is hardly moving. . . . A beautiful start for Ficker."

Suddenly my voice changes key, exclaiming in surprise, "That looks like a foul." Later, on replaying the tape for shipmates, we found the interval to be 14 seconds. Aerial photos bear witness to the same thing—*Gretel* luffed high to drive her bow into *Intrepid*'s side after the starting signal was hoisted.

The International Yacht Racing Union's rules, which govern competition throughout the world, are crystal clear. *Intrepid* protested under 42.1 (E), which reads: "When approaching the starting line . . . a leeward yacht shall be under no obligation to give any windward yacht room to pass to leeward of a starting mark . . . but, after the starting signal, a leeward yacht . . . shall not deprive a windward yacht of room . . . by sailing above close-hauled." *Gretel* came head to wind, as the pictures show. This rule is so fundamental that the preamble to the section states it "overrides any conflicting rule," specifically including those which the Australians cited in their protest. *Gretel* had not only failed through poor timing to accomplish her tactic of squeezing out *Intrepid* but was guilty of the nautical equivalent of sliding with spikes high when caught off base, or, after being outsmarted, of roughing a receiver who has already caught the football.

An outcry went up around the world, with especially bitter reactions from

Aussies Pecker and Hardy after clean win.





At the end of Thursday's race "Gretel" is the victor, while "Intrepid" (left) still must sail beyond the red buoy marking the finish line.

Down Under, although one Aussie in Newport commented, "If you play hard you shouldn't squeal when the umpire blows the whistle." The New York Yacht Club race committee was on the spot, forced to apply a rule not of its own making. Furthermore, the rule book offers no alternative to disqualification, which the collision made mandatory. Had *Gretel* not forced contact, there might have been an out. But vessels over 60 feet long, weighing in at some 30 tons and not equipped with brakes, must conform to recognized traffic patterns or close competition would be impossible. The regrettable circumstance was that an Olympic type international jury had not been formed to deliver the verdict. This surely will be rectified in future America's Cup matches.

The real victims were Designer Alan Payne and Sailmaker Peter Cole. Despite her disastrous start *Gretel* crossed the finish line 1:07 ahead. Had she simply started with clear air and let her speed do the rest, quite possibly she would have tripled the margin. For there remains no doubt that *Gretel* is at least as fast as *Intrepid*, probably faster in

winds of less than 15 knots. Not only has the technological gap been closed on deck and aloft but also in the creation of a go-fast hull. In fact the margin between challenger and defender seems to have shrunk to organization. In every race the boat whose skipper and crew have made the fewest mistakes around the course has been the winner.

After their own close battles the French have taken vicarious satisfaction and new hope from the performance of *Gretel* against *Intrepid*. Arrangements have been made to leave *France*, *Charger* and *Constellation* in Newport. One of the latter two will be offered for sale, thus leaving the French a couple for practice. "No matter what, we will come back next summer and train," stated Bruno Bich. "After the eliminations we raced *France* against the Australians and also *Vulcan*. I think we learned quite a bit about the boat. Our feeling now is the hull is good. What we lacked was the time for the mast and sails." Baron Bich is presently back home conferring, and Bruno Bich confirmed that a challenge may be forthcoming for a date even before the lapse of the customary

three years. While the French deny they have bought Miramar, the 60-room mansion that housed their team this summer, it is admitted that they have taken up the mortgage.

The advent of sails comparable to the defender's is also encouraging to English yachtsmen. Vesta cloth, from which the magnificent mainsail of *Gretel* was cut, was woven on the Isle of Wight. Eric Maxwell, the owner of *Sceptre*, whose plans to challenge this time were thwarted by the devaluation of the pound and a slump in Britain's economy, and Anthony Boyden, the challenger with *Sovereign* in 1984, both feel the biggest hurdle has been overcome. There is better than a 50-50 chance that a syndicate will be formed to present a challenger for 1973, Maxwell said. He added, "England needs at least two boats to get by. My syndicate would provide one, and other groups are working on the same idea."

Thus, even as the America's Cup rocked on its pedestal in the strongest onslaught in recent history, its future seemed secure. So many people want to give it a home.

END

THIS BIG MAN IS THE COOL MAN



Willie Stargell, they all said, was the player who could make the Pittsburgh Pirates go. Last weekend he did and, man enough to win or lose, the Bucs' natural leader took winning in his stride **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Those people who love only excellence are probably Cincinnati sympathizers, inclined to agree with what Gene Mauch said last week. All three contenders in the National League East, according to the Montreal manager, "have looked exactly alike—terrible. Yet I'm afraid that any of the three could handle Cincinnati in the playoffs because of the uncertainty of the Reds' pitching, and to me that's too bad because the Reds have proved they're the best in the league."

Those people, however, who value a rich blend of human interest should prize the National League East. They should set aside the fading out of the well-balanced Cubs in Philadelphia, which at least is a good place to fade out in. Set aside, even, the falling from grace of the New York Mets, the faulty base running and fielding of Tommie Agee and the faulty pitching of Jerry Koosman and Tom Seaver. Consider instead that last weekend in Pittsburgh, as the Pirates twice beat the Mets 4-3 and once 2-1 to clinch the division title, a lot of flavorful things were going on. A large share of them, fortunately for the home club, involved Wilver Dornel (Willie) Stargell, the Pirates' 6'2½", 215-pound, left-hand-hitting big man.

On Friday, for instance, the Mets' Donn Clendenon, formerly of the Pirates, said of Stargell, "He's the big man. He and Clemente. Now that Al Oliver and Bob Robertson have been hitting so well, it's taken some of the pressure off of Stargell, but for the Pirates to move, he's got to hit. And he's got the perfect temperament for a ballplayer. The game when he hit three home runs and just missed a fourth, I was batting behind him. Every time he came around I'd shake his hand and say, 'You hit that one good,' and he'd say, 'Ehh.' Every time, he was just doing a job—and I was getting knocked down."

It was learned on Friday also that Pirate Pitcher Luke Walker, a native of De Kalb, Texas had received a phone call from his father, who told him, "The pressure's off now." The elder Walker was

referring to his own release from a Houston hospital, where he had lain since falling in July from a tractor into the path of a brush sweeper, a machine that mows grass along highways.

Stargell spoke of a time when he, too, had experienced pressures greater than those of a pennant race. "My first year in the minors determined that I would stay in baseball—the fact that I got through that year without going home. That was in 1959, when segregation was part of our country and, being from California, I had never really felt it before. I was playing for Roswell, N. Mex. in towns like Odessa and Midland, Texas and Carlsbad, N. Mex. People would threaten to lynch me, tar and feather me, shoot me. I don't know whether they really would've done it or not, but I was just a kid. You'd beat their ball club with a base hit and they'd say, 'Nigger, you ain't going to live to beat anybody else.'"

"I almost quit, but I'd call home and talk to my parents, and they'd say, 'O.K., if you want to come home, do. But sometimes you have to put up with things to get somewhere.' I was miserable, but I didn't see any point in inflicting it on somebody else. So I stuck it out, and the next year I played in North Dakota, where they'd hardly ever seen any black people before. They were better."

Stargell drove in the Pirates' second run with a ground ball to the right side, reaching first on the play to the plate. Someone in the second deck in center-field released a bunch of balloons. Someone in the third deck caught it.

Stargell took too big a lead and was picked off first by Koosman. Stargell headed for second base and was met halfway there by the Mets' Bud Harrelson with the ball. Harrelson is about half the size of Stargell. Stargell hit the ground at Harrelson's feet and rolled under the tag like a bear rolling under a rabbit, then regained his feet and reached second base. On appeal, however, the first-base umpire reversed the second-base umpire's call and ruled Stargell out. A great to-do followed.

A cloud of smoke billowed out into the field-level seats along the first-base line. Patrons began to savor about in fear of fire. Word got around that the

smoke was only built-up exhaust from the hot-dog stand beneath the seats, something that happens about once a game at Three Rivers Stadium.

The Pirates' bullpen threw gravel at the cars carrying the ground crew off after the midgame dragging of the infield.

In the top of the eighth, with two out and the Pirates ahead 3-2 and with the Mets' Ken Boswell on second base, Harrelson looped a hit into left field and Boswell was waved around third to try for home. Stargell came charging in, grabbed the ball and threw a one-hop bolt of lightning that nailed Boswell in 10 feet.

In the bottom of the eighth Stargell swung his bat around in a complete circle in a plane perpendicular to the ground, as he does before every pitch, and then drove in the Pirates' fourth run—as it turned out, the winning run—with a line single to right. Pitching for the Mets was Tug McGraw, off whom Stargell had hit a game-winning 10th-inning home run the previous Sunday in New York.

Later Stargell was asked, "How would you characterize your arm?"

"I'd say I have a better than average arm," he said. He praised the fielding of Clemente and Manny Sanguillen.

Someone else asked the eight-year Pirate veteran, "Were you mean out there tonight, Willie?"

"Angry," he answered. "Like a tiger in heat."

On Saturday Three Rivers Stadium was invaded by small moths. They had first appeared in force the night before and one had landed in the eye of the Pirates' Dave Cash while he was batting, but their tribe had increased during the night. They were all over everybody. There was some discussion as to whether they had come to eat the Tartan Turf playing surface or the Pirates' new pull-over uniforms. Everyone settled down to playing around them.

Sanguillen, the Pirates' Panamanian catcher, who had gone 3 for 4 for the last three nights and had thrown Agee out at third for the last out of Friday's game, looked across the dressing room at Stargell, made the peace sign with his fingers and said, "Hey, I have always like you."

Batting against the Mets, Stargell hit enough run-scoring hits to put the Pirates on the streak that locked up the East Division.

continued

"Hey, Sangy," said Stargell, "do me a favor. From now until the game starts, don't say anything."

Uptight man Jose Pagan came up to Stargell, said something in Spanish and struck him a loud punch in the upper chest.

Asked why it is that the whites, blacks and Latins get along so well on the Pirates, whereas they don't on many other teams, Stargell said, "It really doesn't make a difference what color you are, you're just a guy to me. I know some black so-called friends who are dogs."

Asked about his Chicken on the Hill restaurant venture, Stargell said, "I put money into the restaurants in the ball section because there weren't any decent places for the people there to eat. I went into it expecting to lose money because black people don't tend to support black businesses. But we went into it thinking we'd treat people who came in nice, treat them like they were somebody, and it's done real well. We've got five locations now."

"He's got the ability to take over the team leadership," Pitcher Dock Ellis said of Stargell, "but he refuses to do it. He has the respect and speaking ability, but

he says he doesn't want to get into a spot where the players tell him one thing and he passes it on to the general manager, only to have the players deny it when the general manager talks to them about it."

Of his work off season with kids in Pittsburgh ghettos, Stargell said, "I do it on my own. I find out who they respect the most, the bad man. He's usually the strongest one, the one who smokes the most pot and takes the most pills. I tell the kids that I did almost all the things they're doing, but somehow I always felt I wanted something more. I tell them they're not chained and bound. There's something they can do."

Cash said of Stargell, "If he hits, we win. It's as simple as that. He'd have to be one of the most valuable players, along with Giusti and Sanguillen and Walker. He doesn't say too much. But after the game we lost to Chicago, when Alou dropped the flyball that would have been the last out, everybody came in with their heads down, griping and moaning, and Stargell said, 'If you win like men, you got to lose like men.' That got the heads back up."

Someone in the press box remarked that a Pittsburgh-Cincinnati playoff

could be called a riverboat series, because each club's new stadium is on the Ohio River.

Stargell drove in the Pirates' second run with a line single and scored the third after leading off with a double.

"The only good thing about those bugs," said Cash, who was lying happily on the floor of the dressing room after the game, "they don't bite."

Stargell said to Sanguillen across the room, "Hey, I've always like you."

Stargell sat in front of his locker, with Mudcat Grant—who had won both Friday's and Saturday's games in relief—to his left and Bob Veale to his right. Veale was hoarse from yelling. Grant was trying to figure exactly how many times he had warmed up during the year (137) and Stargell was sweating. "The Righteous Brothers," Stargell said.

Gordon Rowe, 14, one of the very few members of his and the Righteous Brothers' race in the crowd of 34,311, when asked on his way out of the stadium who his favorite Pirate was, said, "Stargell. Because he's the big man. And he's cool." And on Sunday he was on the finest team in the National League East. Real cool. Real big.

THAT BIG RED MACHINE HAS DEVELOPED A FEW SPUTTERS

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

While the Mets sank inexorably in the East, the Cincinnati Reds, who long before had celebrated the winning of the West, were not standing idly by. They were moving—in fits and starts, just as they had been since July, when the engine of their "Big Red Machine" began sputtering, crying out, perhaps, for a good lube job and a change of sparkplugs. The best thing about the team's nickname was that it brought instant fame, as Murderer's Row memorialized the New York Yankees and Gas-house Gang the St. Louis Cardinals. But those teams had longevity. The worst thing about the Big Red Machine is that it might remind people of those one-year wonders, the Philadelphia Whiz Kids of 1950.

Or even worse, of half-year wonders. Flying along at a .700 clip at the July All-Star break, the Reds have since played at a pedestrian .543 pace. Their final standing, around .630, is something less than sensational, hardly the type of performance that would eliminate memories

of the Dodgers and Cards of the 1940s or the Dodgers of 1953, a club many thought the Reds of 1970 would come close to matching.

This is not to say that the Machine has been reduced to used-car-lot status; the Reds retain their ability to crunch a ball with a bat. All season long they were shut out only once, when Chicago's Milt Pappas beat them 1-0. With players like Pete Rose, Johnny Bench, Tony Perez, Bernie Carbo and Bobby Tolan, Cincinnati's armada of sluggers has hit homers into the hitherto unreachable yellow seats in the Houston Astrodome, into the distant green seats in their own Riverfront Stadium and into the empty seats in San Diego. Only Perez has tailed off seriously. For the first half of the year he batted .361 with 27 homers and 84 runs batted in. His second-half numbers are .270, 13 and 45.

But it is the Reds' pitching that is causing the state of Ohio to brood. For a while, with that big lead, the string of pitching injuries that were piling up

seemed almost unimportant. But now the injuries are all that anyone connected with the club, particularly Manager Sparky Anderson, can think about. "I have to have four starting pitchers," he said last week, looking forward to the playoffs and, hopefully, the Series. "I don't have anyone who can come back on two days' rest." Well, Anderson has a problem, all right.

Jim Merritt, the team's 20-game winner and only experienced left-handed starter, has a knot in his pitching elbow. Before Saturday, when he went three innings, gave up four hits and a run and pronounced himself "pleased but not 100% out there," Merritt had not worked since Sept. 8. Wayne Simpson, 14-3 and everyone's rookie pitcher of the year in the National League, has been told not to pick up a baseball until the middle of the coming winter because of a hemorrhaged shoulder. As a staff the Reds had achieved only 32 complete games by the end of last week. Merritt and Simpson had 22 of those.

Anderson will probably start with Gary Nolan. Just 22, Nolan has an 18-7 record, a figure that is misleading. He has pitched only four complete games, Jim McGlothlin has failed to finish any of his last eight starts since being struck in the face by a Billy Grabarkewitz line drive in August. The other starter, assuming Merritt pitches, could be either 19-year-old Don Gullett or 20-year-old Milt Wilcos. Little wonder that in Cincinnati Clay Carroll and Wayne Granger have become household names—which doesn't happen often to relievers. Anderson may have to rely on them heavily.

Not all is gloom, however. The 1970 Reds have averaged nearly five runs a game, which can make up for a lot of sore elbows and shoulders, and they have averaged 1.2 home runs a game. Unfortunately, the Pirates have managed to repeal this particular law of averages; against Pittsburgh the figure is one homer every two games. The Machine is going to have to get some new pistons for the playoffs.

As for the American League playoffs, the most unusual aspect may well be the odds, which show the Orioles surprisingly short 6-5 favorites despite their fine record this season and the three-game sweep over the Twins in this same series last year. But there is a strong rivalry between the two teams, who always manage to play both difficult and emotionally demanding games against each other. This season the Twins had the advantage, seven games to five, although they were only 3-3 at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., where the first two games of their playoff will be fought.

Baltimore is a club that is built on traditional excellences: three 20-game winners in Dave McNally, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer, fine defense, the power of Frank and Brooks Robinson and Boog Powell, good speed and aggressive managing. Minnesota enters the playoffs as the least-publicized of the four participating clubs despite having the top team batting average in the American League; the man who leads the league in triples and is second in runs scored, little Cesar Tovar; the player with the most hits and doubles, Tony Oliva; and Harmon Killebrew, second in homers and third in runs batted in.

Perhaps the problem rests with the



pitching staff. Although only Baltimore has a better earned run average than Minnesota in the American League, and Jim Perry is a known commodity with back-to-back 20-game seasons, the names of two other starters are something less than national bywords: Tom (The Blade) Hall and Bert Blyleven. Hall weighs in at 158 pounds, but he has struck out 171 hitters in 147 innings pitched, a phenomenal ratio. Blyleven

is only 19 but has adapted well since coming to the Twins this year.

The Minnesota starters go as far as they can and then turn the game over to the bullpen, baseball's best: Stan Williams and Ron Perranoski, who between them have made 130 appearances and saved 47 games, winning 17 and losing nine. The Twins, underrated by all except the odds-makers, could just sneak into the final act.

END

GROWING WEARY IN THEIR AERIE

All right, here's Don Rickles, doing a number on the Philadelphia Eagles. Everyone does Philadelphia, so Rickles is looking for new material. In one corner of the cavernous Latin Casino, a Cherry Hill, N.J. nightclub, he spots a quartet of Eagle players who have crossed the Delaware in search of, well, life. He socks it to them, "Philadelphia!" sneers Rickles. "Hey, look, it's not that easy there, Thank God for the Eagles! There they are, folks. Is it any wonder they can't win a game? Look at the hair on Timmy Rossovich. Saw you in *Born Free*, kid. Where you from, Timmy? Canon, Timmy, try and read my lips. Aw, never mind. Finish your bananas and I'll come back to you later. Chuck Bednarik used to sprinkle guys like you on his cereal."

Actually, Rickles came down easy on the Eagles compared to the Philadelphia

press and fans. In the 10 years since Philadelphia won an NFL title, beating an early Lombardi Packer team 17-13, the Eagles have flown like so many songbirds into a cloud of DDT. Kids in the City of Brotherly Love won't even play with footballs decorated with the Eagles' white-and-kelly-green colors.

Well, that may be something of an overstatement. Granted the Eagles have compiled a 47-74-5 record since their last championship. Granted their last winning season—9 and 5—was in 1966. Granted they lost their last four games last year and their first seven—five of them exhibitions—this year. But, after all, they are "rebuilding," a "team in transition." New ownership, new management, new coaching—all of these require maturity and patience and. . . There must be worse teams in football. Like, uh, well, would you believe Lethargy?

Or maybe the Chicago Bears. Last Sunday, when the Eagles played them in Evanston, Ill., the only question was: Which team would blow it better, quicker? The Eagles proved their mastery at the opening kickoff, the Bears' Cecil Turner romping 96 yards for a touchdown. Philadelphia, hoping to prolong the suspense, struck back with a touchdown of its own, Norman Sneed passing to Gary Ballman for the six points, but Eagle ineptitude took care of the seventh as holder Ron Medved bobbled the extra-point snap.

Sneed, hampered by a sore arm, couldn't throw long, so he threw often and short—and often short of his targets at critical moments. Nonetheless, his passing stats were a personal high: 24 for 33 and 257 yards. The Eagles' ground game was more impressive—seriously. Denied the middle by the omnipresence of Dick Butkus, Philadelphia went to quick pitchouts. But in the fourth quarter, with the Bears leading 17-9, Offensive Coach Charlie Gauer noticed that Butkus was vulnerable—a healing hamstring limited his mobility. Rookie Lee Bougress bolted past Butkus into the end zone from 10 yards out to cap an 80-yard drive—the Eagles' best of the year,

As an Eagle back, Tom Woodeshick says he lost four inches but gained a sense of humor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE



His head may be bowed but Coach Jerry Williams can find a silver lining in defeat.



The Philadelphia Eagles are fired of losing, particularly a bunch known as the Antibodies, who have long hair and high hopes by ROBERT F. JONES



Backup Quarterback Rick Arrington knows the plays, but what about all those sets?



But Butkus had his revenge. With Snead staggering toward a go-ahead score, the linebacker dropped him with a third-and-14 blitz. A last-minute Chicago field goal made it Bears 20, Eagles 16. "It was like *Amp's Fables* out there," said Defensive Tackle Gary Pettigrew. "Hares and hounds. We were the hares running for our lives, they were the hounds running for the hell of it."

But scores and individual performances count for little when two teams as bad as the Eagles and the Bears meet. In both cases the big problem is organization. Good organization—from ticket management through coaching staff to team captancy—breeds good football. When teams fail, as the Bears have since George Halas passed 68 seven years ago, and the Eagles have since Buck Shaw retired in 1961, the failure is a result of complex factors that reach up to ownership. A good organization must be geared to a 10- to 20-year cycle. Witness the Cleveland Browns. In 20 years of NFL play the Browns have had only one losing season (1956). As an Eagle coach recalls: "I went down to scout the Browns one year and when I got there I called the office. Paul Brown answered the phone, set me up with credentials, a hotel room, a car and tons of perks—and I was his enemy. He wowed me with good organization. Then he beat us."

The Eagles really became disorganized in 1964, when construction tycoon Jerry Wolman took over the team for \$5.5 million and appointed Joe Kuharich to a 15-year term as general manager with—logically enough—Joe Kuharich having the choice of head coach. Same name. Next year, when the criticism of Kuharich's coaching—which began even before Joe arrived—swelled, Wolman was seen punching it out in the stands with a fan who had slighted his team and his coach. Al Nelson, then a rookie defensive back, witnessed the melee. "Is that my owner?" he asked. "This is a madhouse."

By 1969 Jerry was bankrupt. Trucking magnate Leonard Tose was the next victim. He bought the team for the highest

continued

One Eagle who can really fly is John Carlos, but he's been grounded with a knee injury



price (\$16,155,000) ever paid for a franchise in any sport. Tose is a lean, hard businessman who has a reputation for handling the Teamsters. "He took the Teamsters, didn't he? He's gotta be tough," ran the line on Broad Street. But Tose, like Wolman, is a football freak. His first few moves were beautiful—like those of a rookie flanker in the early days of training camp. He fired Kuharich, he hired Pete Retzlaff.

Everyone in Philly knew Retzlaff—the smooth, blond and perennially successful wide receiver of the Eagles, whose number, 44, had been retired only three years earlier. Retzlaff was a perfect choice for a general manager. He had served with distinction as president of the NFL players' organization and with cool as a local sportscaster. Dynamite casting! Last year the Eagles even won four games and tied another. But this year Len Tose and Pete Retzlaff are bad news. Why the switch?

For one thing, bad economies, American-style. Five years ago Philadelphia decided to build a new sports complex, Veterans Stadium, to house both the baseball Phillies and the footless—er, football—Eagles. Figuring that the schedule would be met, Tose chose to emulate most of the other NFL teams and raise ticket prices by including two exhibitions on the season card. He also added a few bucks to the price of season tickets. After all, he had paid \$11 million more for the club than Wolman. Although Jerry had promised not to raise prices until the Eagles had a winning season, that was none of Len's business. No sooner had the fans—some 46,000 of them—paid for the new season tickets, which cost up to \$112 a strip, than it became clear that the city-built stadium wasn't going to be finished on time. Means Eagles' Business Manager Leo Carlin, a dedicated Tosan, "Goshamighty, I'd had eight girls processing that transition from Franklin Field to the stadium, each on an individual basis. Then we had to change back to Franklin Field. Finally Mr. Retzlaff made the announcement that the two preseason games would be optional. We had the money in the drawer. It'll be months before we sort it out."

In the interim the Eagles were quickly accumulating, as one executive put it, "more sins than Robert Hall." One of the litigants claimed he bought into the Eagles as a partner; Tose said all he

did was give him a loan. The case is still pending.

So are the players. To a degree, they are like Leonard Cohen's beautiful losers—introspective and hating it. Listen to Tom Woodshick, the eight-year running back out of Wilkes-Barre and West Virginia: "I find myself making excuses. It's tough. I try to be honest, diplomatic, loyal and happy, yet I've developed this odd sense of humor. I'm presently six feet tall where I used to be 6'4" when I came into the league."

Woodshick is the closest thing to a hero that one can find on the Eagles, even though he is a bad blocker and a bad pass catcher. Last year he rushed for 831 yards, despite missing two games. "I don't think fate can dictate seven losing seasons out of eight," says Woody. "Nobody can be that unlucky. We just didn't play good football very often." For therapy, Woodshick splits for the mountains every Monday during hunting season. "With my dog and my gun—that's how I escape the depression of losing," he says. "Still, I've got to say that this is the most disciplined, the most optimistic, the most high-spirited team I've ever played with—and it's on the longest losing streak." He laughs therapeutically.

Part, if not most, of that losing streak is due to a languor on the part of the Eagle offense that defies parallel. Since the days of Steve Van Buren, Pete Pihos and Bednarik, plus a quarterback named Norm Van Brocklin who led the Eagles to their last title, and another named Sonny Jurgensen, who came close, the Philadelphia offense has been singularly inept. Snead, acquired by Kuharich in a trade for Jurgensen six years ago, is the epitome of indecision. "He'd rather stare at the sky under a pile of bodies than unload the ball," says one disgruntled Eagle.

The current backup quarterback is Rick Arrington, a rookie out of Tulsa who is reputed to have bad knees. "What the heck," said Retzlaff early last week, "most of the good quarterbacks in the league have bad knees. Rick's tall, strong and he was a free agent. He was worth the risk."

Offensively, the Eagles are something special. No question about it. For example, not long ago Arrington was heard to remark: "Hey, coach, I know all the plays but I don't know the sets. Maybe I could call the plays and you could signal me from the bench with the sets.

Hey, coach?" Then there's this lineman, who shall remain nameless. His teammates swear that he works during the off season as a tollkeeper in an exact-change booth on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. On the field he holds his head to one side. Dallas Defensive Tackle Bob Lilly reportedly can't stand to look at him. "It throws me off balance," says Lilly. Until recently, when it was simplified, the defense was little better. Middle Linebacker Dave Lloyd, a 12-year veteran and Pro Bowl selection last year, tells of a defensive lineman, fortunately no longer with the club, who couldn't distinguish between the strong side and the weak side. Lloyd said he'd make it easy for him by rotating an even number for strong side, an odd number for weak side. No discernible help. Finally Lloyd turned to the lineman and inquired, "How are you on colors?"

Still, there is a resurgence of hope and aggression in Philadelphia. The main spring is a quasi-revolutionary group known as the "Antibodies." This cell has the tacit approval of the coaches, though not their formal assent. It includes most of the defensive line, which affects mod dress and long hair. Gary Pettigrew, a fifth-year man out of Stanford, is the most outspoken of the Antibodies. "If I'm going to play a kid's game," he says, "I don't want to be embarrassed doing it. For a while, I got tuned into techniques and publicity, but that's not what the game is about. You play it for the joy of battle. Here's the clue—you're wearing pads, and if you're wearing pads you can hit. The love of violence, the dedication to violence—that's what this game is about. If you're going to put up with the pain and the injuries and the monotony of the endless practices, then there just has to be a counterpoint. The fun and, yeah, the joy of hitting."

Rossovich, the mustachioed, bow-tied defensive end whose totemicity so intrigued Don Rickles, is another Antibody. He can hit to Pettigrew's satisfaction but looks like he belongs on the Jefferson Airplane rather than an Eagle charter flight. Ken Medved, Defensive Back Bill Bradley and Linebackers Ken Porter and Adrian Young are also Antibodies. Young, incidentally, is an Irish-born skull-cracker who can quote Yeats as readily as he can drop a sweeping fullback. "That dolphin-tear, that gong-tormented sea," he has been heard to say after making a tackle.

continued



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In search of inspiration, the Antibodies recently sent Pettigrew off on a pilgrimage to Butkus. Pettigrew found the guru of gore in a contemplative mood. "He said it isn't easy to hit consistently," said Pettigrew. "Dick said you have to think it all through, really concentrate all the time. You have to know how you're going to effect the assassination, know in your head the ways and routes to the ballcarrier. Then, when it happens in real life, you're free—free to hit and smash and be instantaneous. That gets you back to what football is all about." Pettigrew smiled cryptically. "*Jove de vive*."

The aggressiveness has communicated itself to a secondary that has changed faces six times in six weeks, but which allowed Dallas only 99 yards passing in the Eagles' opening game. "They don't play bump and run," said one observer, "they play hit and shove."

One grave fault of the Eagles is a tendency to talk of football in terms of great defeats, much in the manner of George C. Davis, whose losses often seem more consequential than his wins. After holding the Cowboys to a 17-7 victory, they rhapsodized just as they did after their tremendous 23-17 loss to the Rams last year. Coach Jerry Williams, a former back for the Rams and the Eagles, actually congratulated the team on its performance against Dallas. Williams used to fly a P-38. He has short hair, blue eyes and a quick mind and is a student of war and of humanity—in short, a student of football. Yet to Pettigrew and the other Antibodies, his praise was anathema.

"I'm damn sick of this," said Gary. "You don't congratulate a team on a loss. It's disgusting. Still, Jerry is the first coach I know who's been willing to discuss the change in the athlete that's happening in American sports. When he came around and asked me what goes with long hair, I told him that the stupid-athlete syndrome is passing. More and more you're going to find athletes who are interested in things other than sports—who, in a sense, are contemporary men interested in the environment, in government, in changing social mores. If you're going to get respect from them, I told him, then you have to treat them as individuals. The first coach who realizes there are changes—and understands those changes—will be a new kind of winner."

Or a new kind of loser.

END

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DISCORD DEFIED AND DEIFIED

Back in 1966—or so it seemed to those who cannot resist sniffing about the dead ashes of racial conflict in baseball—an odd couple had been joined, one that was certain to become just as prominently inseparable as Vidal-Buckley, Quivote-Panza, Yau and Yang. The quake of the union would not miss the Richter scale or—if the Orioles were fortunate—the couple would mold the club into a Freudian delight. The thinking at the time seemed strained, but it was a situation worth a glance over the winter grayness.

Who could ignore, the whispers went,

the portent of their backgrounds? Frank Robinson: black, raised in black Oakland, broodingly distant but forever at the center of tempest in Cincinnati, a towering talent, cataloged as a chronic dissident and not worth the trouble. Brooks Robinson: white, raised simply and quietly in Little Rock, charmingly bland, already a Mussalian figure in Baltimore, a truly gifted performer and a species of player baseball presses to its bloodless heart.

The milieu of Baltimore, it was noted, would be the perfect backdrop. Racism in the town seldom stepped out in

dramatic view, the sort that is anathema to blacks. It breathed heavily in dark parlors in the city where they sat and listen for the footsteps of change, charred slowly on the steak-scented lawns of Baltimore County. It was the kind that did not kill the spirit but just left the black (prayerfully) enough to inspire him to stay off welfare.

Of special interest, too, was this aspect of Oriole baseball: its audience, heavily white, had never had a black star of Frank Robinson's dimensions. The reasons why this was so range from the Orioles' bad luck with big-boned



"Trouble," people with an eye for that sort of thing said when Frank Robinson was traded to Baltimore. And trouble was exactly what did not develop as the Robinsons, Frank and Brooks, struck a delicate, winning balance

by MARK KRAM

blacks to, some said, plain indifference. It was certain that the fans, as is their tradition, would be suspicious of Robinson, or any star acquired in a trade (especially a black one with a big mouth). The hunt for flaws would be meticulous; only the ordinary go the distance in Baltimore.

To use that great American word without which no athlete could survive in sports, it was simply a challenge for Robinson. Inwardly he was embarrassed by the implication back in Cincinnati that he was through, his pride scarred by the talent the Orioles gave up for

him in the trade. "I kept thinking of Mays, Mantle and Aaron," he says. "Where was Robinson? Over 30 and out, they tried to make me believe." At Baltimore his prestige would be in a precarious position. For the Orioles, he alone could mean a pennant. The only question was what, on or off the field, would tip the delicate balance that was Frank Robinson, and would his vast presence change B. Robinson?

The scene and the casting, though a bit too neat, where promising but the denouement had the emotional range of a cap gun. What the alliance between the

two Robinsons has wrought, instead of destruction, is one of the most fearful machines in baseball: two pennants and one World Series within the last five years. The people (except for a brief incident when he was trying to find a house) have been sensitive and admirable in their behavior toward Frank; Brooks has long been defied. But outside of the city of Baltimore the Robinsons cannot escape the glance, the hunt and peck for discord or even just a particle of racial dandruff on the shoulder. Whispers are not easily muffled.

The fact remains that the Robinsons

continued

are like two Shriners lost in the blue light of a Manhattan morning. The wing-spread of Frank never showed on the face of Brooks when he suddenly became the *other* Robinson. The town still belongs to him but the club, at least visually, is the property of Frank. He brought the Orioles a pennant and, like a munitions fire, he swept over the club. The term, leader, an abused, loosely bestowed recognition in athletics, fits Frank like a stick in the hand of Buddy Rich.

Brooks could be tenacious, wreck the opposition with a glove and bat, but a certain force, a third-rail quality, if you will, never surfaced. He is not sure what leader means anyway, but he senses that Frank does vibrate the club. The guess is that Brooks—with a shotgun at his back at that—would only admit one annoyance concerning Frank, his noisome practice of kangaroo jurisprudence in the Oriole clubhouse after victories. The bat was meant as comic relief during a long season but it has been obliterated by the press—and Oriole success—into a juvenile bore. Only once has Frank indicated the pressure of the *other* Robinson's presence, and that was early in 1966 when a scoring decision provoked him. With knifing, brutal language he humiliated the scorer in front of the entire clubhouse, even though public criticism, when used by managers, is a tactic he abhors. The play in question, he told the scorer, was identical to one in-

volving Brooks a few weeks before. "I guess," he said, "it depends on who the hitter is, huh?"

The subtle point was ignored and rightly so. It was too early to stake out Frank, and what evolved over the years justifies the discretion. The Robinsons emerged as more compatible than they could ever realize. For one thing, neither belongs, by action or thought, to what has become labeled as the underground of baseball, that creeping tide of players who balk at the consummate silliness of The Game's decrees. Those who have finally reached what they thought would be the golden ideal but wonder now whether it was only just a dream all the time; nobody told them to cut their hair in that dream; nobody, neither player nor executive, played petty, pernicious little games in that dream.

A game that demands more imagination than any other from its audience, baseball has always been notable for a certain stock of athlete—socially incubated, dollish, a gleaming reflection of the American Dream. They have always been children from the factories, prairies and farms of the country, and baseball embraced them, merchandised them as such; all that they were could be found on the back of a bubble-gum card. Slowly change has enveloped the player. The Game itself is no longer sanctified in the waters of the Ganges. The performer, too, from ghettos and col-

leges has become conscious of where he is, what he is.

It is difficult for an increasing number of players to listen to the daily crunch of statistics, the drowsy hum of endless summer days and not feel the Gregorian melancholy of our times. "Hell," says one, "if some players can be paid for their opinion on a deodorant or hair spray, why can't I express an attitude about Vietnam or anything for no money? Why do I have to be ridiculed or warned for thinking?"

The Robinsons, though, stay above the ground; no disillusionment, no waves, each sublimely encapsulated in the larges of an ancient duchy, each adjusted to its dictums and hudebond, unspoken canons, and each certain that all they ever wanted to be and are can be found inside two white lines. "That's the way it is," says Frank. "It's me. Baseball. Just baseball. Right now I'm here standing and talking baseball. A few years from now those players over there will turn and say, 'Look at that jerk over there talkin' baseball.' I don't pop off. Take the money and shut up. Baseball has been telling its players that for years." He smiles.

With each question that smile fades to a squire and then surfaces again with each answer. It is a curious smile, amiable yet faraway, and it suggests that he is as insensitive as a redwood, or else a very clever man. The war, the riots in Baltimore, the quality of life of the black man elicit empty responses. He belongs, he says, to no strain of black thought, but "if I were not in baseball I wouldn't be a diplomatic black." He is, he says, uninterested in having any black role in baseball. The Jim Bouton book, he thinks, though he has not read it, was not a nice thing for Bouton to do. The reserve clause, yes, could use some modification, but that's Flood's business. He smiles.

The smile on the face of Brooks is serious, intense, unset, until he slides into a certain Rotarian ease. He seems to take a secret pride, like a big-city evangelist, in his way with people. Gracious and off the mark quickly, he never slips a question and always manages to be earnestly dull. That is his trademark, one that would not impede him in Maryland politics. He has no political thoughts himself, he says, but he does endorse Senator Tydings and he did support Spiro Agnew for governor. "He was a fine



FRANK, THE KANGAROO JUDGE, LIT UP WHEN THE ORIOLES' MAGIC NUMBER WAS ZERO



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Ping-Pong player," he says. He cannot help think, he adds, of the sorrows of the world, but "the saddest day of my life is still the day they sent me to Vancouver." He does not smile.

He belongs, of course, in some boyhood novel now lost in the mustiness of a church rummage sale. John R. Tunis, the boys' author, would have loved him, but Tunis would have added some conflict. As it is, even in adolescence, there hardly seems to have been even the smallest crisis. It was all shade and warmly American anecdotes: Brooks delivering papers to the house of Bill Dickey, trying to impress the old catcher with his arm and then throwing the paper on the roof; Brooks blowing the biggest bubble in a contest for a bike; Brooks, the center of attention but always humble. His big decision seems to have been whether to play football and perhaps go to college or to go after a baseball contract. "Suppose I get hurt, what then?" he asked his mother. "Yes, that's true," his mother replied, worriedly. "We won't force you. That's not our way." Brightening, she then said, "Ready for your hot chocolate?"

Cut to Oakland and Frank Robinson, one of 10 children, solitary, silent, spending most of his time in the playground or in a movie house, where he would watch films over and over before he would go home. "He was awfully thin when I first saw him," says George Powles, his Oakland coach, "especially in the legs. He didn't talk much, and he was so shy about his legs that he wore an extra pair of socks and he pulled his pants down as low as he could." The slight body of Frank concerned Powles, and he prescribed a number of exercises. "Exercise!" says his mother. "That's all he'd do. He'd shake the house. Then he'd go out, come home for lunch and stay at the park till dark. Frank was old enough to work but he'd say he was going to play ball all his life. Lots of days he'd leave the house and say he was going to look for work, but we all know'd where he was. His brother would tell him, 'You ain't never gonna live long enough to see the big leagues.'"

No one back in Little Rock believed Brooks would see the majors, either, and, if so, not as an \$80,000 player. "He couldn't run a lick," says his old junior high school coach. "He had good, quick hands but he didn't look like he'd ever be much of a hitter. If you were think-

ing about a baseball future, we had half a dozen other boys you'd pick ahead of him just on looks. But he'd always manage to do something to help you win." On the hoary scouting principle of speed plus great arm equals fine prospect, Brooks hardly deserved a cracked bat for signing. Only Paul Richards, hardly a hasty man, was convinced Brooks would be a star. "I'm telling you," he said in 1958, "this boy is going to be a star." Then, with a proper Ziegfeld pause, he whispered, "A star, I tell you."

The Reds thought similarly of Frank down in Columbia, S.C., but he had a seriously damaged arm and he had developed a hostility toward whites, which was understandable. It was ignited by merciless violin, mostly racial, from a brigade along the first-base line. Hurt and confused, Frank grabbed a bat and started toward the stands. His manager stopped him but the scar remained. Lonely, age 19 and with an arm that throbbed while he tried to sleep, Frank packed his bags but was talked out of going back to Oakland. The next year Cincinnati Manager Bredie Tebbetts said, "He'll be in the lineup if he can throw from left field to second base. He's a strange kid. He sits on the bench, shows no emotion at all. You wonder what's running through his mind."

Open and at ease, Brooks was almost instantly a part of the Orioles and the city, and he has not changed since. "I forget I'm living with a celebrity," says his wife Connie. "He's so patient. He's never moody, never sulks. I tell him, one of these days he's going to explode because he must be keeping it all inside." He is, though, somewhat of a militant advocate of player rights, especially involving schedules. Once, when asked if he was tired, he said certainly, his feet and legs were tired, and then, raising his voice, he added, "There are just too many night games. There should be an open date after a night game on a get-away day. The owners make money from it—do we? No, but when it comes time to battle for a buck all they want to know is what you did, they don't want to know the conditions under which you had to play."

The complaint by Brooks is familiar, an ancient grumble, not one to remain indelible in the memory bank of baseball. Had it been made by Frank Robinson first, though, there would have been resigned sighs and then a philo-

sophical judgment like, well, "It's the old thing about spots and leopards." His days in Cincinnati remain relentless. He was a brilliant performer with the Reds and one of the most disliked men in the league. "He doesn't play hard," said Don Zimmer, "he plays to hurt you." Later, as a teammate, he would say, "I was wrong. He's just a hell of a competitor." Frank was beyond intimidation. Give him some "cham music" and he'd leave you with an L (loss) by your name: ask the obstinate Don Drysdale. Deck him with a punch, mess his face up and he'd wear your club out the rest of the season—ask the Braves and Eddie Mathews.

But Frank's style of play does not trail him into his 15th season. It is the word attitude or what was his attitude; stamp "had" beside the word and it is a fatal prognosis in baseball. Frank's trouble with the Reds seemed to begin with the departure of Tebbetts. Avuncular and facile with com, Tebbetts chaperoned Frank, made a litany of his abilities. Often, slyly spotting Frank moving into the batting cage, Tebbetts would walk out to the outfield and stand with reporters with his back to the cage. Then he would suddenly say, "I bet I know who's hitting. Listen to that crack. It could only be Frank Robinson."

Then came the arrival of Fred Hutchinson, a tough, respected manager who hated to see talent squandered. Hutchinson admired Frank's ability, but his relations with him were strained. He was annoyed by Frank's attitude, sometimes careless and resentful. Robinson smelled prejudice. "Listen," a coach told Frank, "when he chews you out he's doing it for your own good, not because he dislikes you. Hutch never had your great natural ability. He hates to see you waste it." Then, in February of '61, he pulled a gun on a cook in an all-night diner, with whom he had been exchanging dark gloves. "The cook," he said then, "had waved a knife and made a motion as if he was going to slit my throat. I just wanted to show him I had something a little better than a knife." In jail he kept muttering something about being called a boy, that he was a man. He could be bailed out by 8 a.m. and he was, but not by club owner Bill DeWitt or anybody else from the Reds.

Robinson never did forgive DeWitt for deserting him. Later DeWitt would tire of Frank's aggravations: mysterious

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maladies, intransigent postures with Hutchinson, his unexemplary behavior on planes, his obscenities toward a reporter, his influence on Vada Pinson and Leo Cardenas. "I'm much more mature now," he says. "I've learned a lot. At Cincinnati I was just speaking up for the players because they came to me." The move to Baltimore, of course, did alter his vision of himself. He came to understand what the kid in a Chicago ghetto once said: "Doin' good's a hustle, too. Ain't it?"

His view of last year's Richie Allen dramatized his metamorphosis from outlaw to Establishment. "It's a shame that a guy like Allen is wasting all that talent," he said. "It hurts the spirit and harmony of the club. He's done more harm with his behavior than his bat."

The quote, to some, was laughable, but Frank was quietly laying one more block in the building of the new Robinson, he would make baseball do what it so seldom does—forget; he would become the first black manager in the majors. His drive, once subtle, much more bold now, toward the only real racial barrier left in baseball draws a predictable reaction. The hard-line whites in baseball smirk, the blacks do not care. That is, except for Jackie Robinson.

Piqued by Frank's apathy on civil rights, he wrote to him, "I suppose, Frank, you feel your attitude will get you a manager's job and that some white people may like you better, but respect you is another thing. . . . But if this is your bag, so be it."

Frank is deep in that bag, which is purely a matter of survival to him. Time crowds, the arm is still a crane that must be lifted every day, and with each day he sharply feels what Brooks Robinson said: "I don't think anybody will care what I did here 20 or 25 years from now." The game has a place in Brooks' life, but that's all it has. Unlike Brooks, however, who seems indifferent toward the future, certain that another piece will fall neatly into the fabric of his life, there is no future for Frank outside of baseball. The game is the sum of what he is, and if you are black and aging and each spring is a little death, you begin to wonder what all that brilliance was for, wonder whether it all, which began in obscurity, will end there, too. "The day I have to quit," he says, "will be the saddest day in my life." He does not smile.

END



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MY LIFE AND HIGH TIMES IN HARNESS

by ROBERT C. GROVER

The question that kept bugging me was why a pudgy 43-year-old tax accountant would want to strap on a parachute and leap into a pasture full of cow pies. Because it's there?

There is a certain correctional institution located in upstate New York that has commanded a good deal of my attention from time to time. I have never been an inmate but there were times when I earnestly prayed to be transformed into one. Twelve times, to be exact. My preoccupation with the prison was the result of its proximity to a parachute jump center where I got myself involved a few years back.

Why a 43-year-old tax accountant would suddenly get the urge to take up sky diving is a question Sigmund Freud might have been able to answer, but I am no Freud (actually, I'm Caspar Milquetoast). So I'll spare you my rationalizations. All I know is that one day I found myself announcing to my wife that I intended to take up sky diving. Her total lack of response and my own need to prove something probably provoked the next step: showing that I meant it. I discovered there was a jump center about an hour's drive from my home, and—without investigating much further—I decided to go up there and look around. That may have been my basic error. This place was not what you'd call the ideal up-to-the-second jump center, as you will see.

I arrived at the local airport one pleasant September afternoon, said I wanted

to make a parachute jump and was presented to a man we shall call Joe Sauer, who ran the jump center with a twin brother we shall call Rusty. Joe sized me up and asked, "You haven't been drinking any beer, have you?" I replied truthfully that I had not. (He didn't ask about double martinis.) Joe then put me through four hours of prejump training, took me aloft and let me make my first jump.

If I had thought that would be the end of it, I was mistaken. I found that a single jump failed to prove whatever it was I was trying to prove, and I started coming back for more. That's when I began making the acquaintance of the local prison.

The jump center, I soon discovered, was not recognized by the Parachute Club of America, because, said the PCA, there was no adequate landing area. What there was was a cow pasture, which occasionally contained cows. Joe reassured me not to worry about landing on one of them. "It doesn't bother the cows," he said. It bothered me, though. I never failed (except once) to land on, or in, one of the cow pies that infested the field. The exception was the time I landed in the power lines.

One thing I had convinced myself of before I started was that the sport was

in no way hazardous—it merely *appeared* hazardous. The way I had it figured, the chances of your chute not opening were about equal to the chances of winning first prize in the Irish Sweepstakes. Besides, you had two parachutes, not just one, so the odds against *both* of them not opening were even higher.

I learned later that the above is a slight oversimplification. When you pull your ripcord and nothing happens at all, you have what is known as a total malfunction. If you must have a malfunction, this is far and away the best kind. In this case, your reserve chute, which you now pop, has nothing to get in its way and hinder it from inflating properly. As it happens, however, most malfunctions are not total. Usually trouble comes in the form of a partial malfunction, when you find yourself with a tangled bundle of cloth fluttering above your head. When this occurs, you must try to hand-feed your reserve chute off to the side, where it has a chance to inflate properly. Otherwise you wind up with two malfunctions—the dreaded "double mal."

During my jumping days I saw a jumper have this problem once—a fellow named Dan, from whom I picked up the phrase double mal. Dan was taking a long free fall when he began to tum-

continued

ble uncontrollably. He took the prescribed action for this by immediately pulling his ripcord. Unfortunately, one of his shroud lines got hung up over the top of his canopy, ripping it in the middle and giving it a kind of wasp-waist effect known as a lineover, bow tie or Mae West.

Dan knew instantly that he was in trouble and went for his reserve. But the malfunctioning main chute interfered with the second one, causing it to stream rather than balloon out properly, and he continued to plummet toward the airport with two faulty parachutes fluttering above his head. Miraculously, he never hit the ground. Instead, he hit exactly on top of the highest maple tree you ever saw and came crashing through it without hitting any major limbs. His two chutes caught in the top of the tree and gently arrested his fall. There he hung, swaying in the breeze, without a scratch. When they got him down, he held out his hands to demonstrate that they were steady as a rock, but I noticed he did talk in an unnaturally loud voice for a while.

Most of the regulars I met in Joe Sauer's confraternity were young, but all seemed serious-minded about their avocation, which obviously occupied a great deal of their spare time. The special characteristic they had in common was a conviction that sky diving was an extremely meaningful personal outlet. None that I met was the obvious daredevil type. (I understand there are exceptions to this. Several years ago a guy on the West Coast named Rod Pack jumped from 14,000 feet without a parachute. The idea was to meet up with a friend who had jumped ahead of him carrying two parachutes, and for Rod to take one of them, buckle it on and pull the ripcord—all at terminal velocity of 120 mph. He reportedly got \$10,000 for the stunt and some kind of a fine or scolding from the authorities.)

The first thing you used to do when you arrived at the center for a jump was sign the manifest, like signing in for a round of golf at a crowded course. When it was your turn, you buckled the large main chute on your back, the small reserve on your chest, and had your jumpmaster check you out. The last thing you put on was a football-type helmet, designed not to protect your skull but your ears. As the chute snaps

open, the heavy fabric rivers go zinging past your head, posing a threat of amputations.

The center had a four-place Cessna for a jump plane. The pilot sat in the left front seat, with the right front seat as well as the right-hand door having been removed. The first jumper sat on the floor where the right seat used to be, facing the rear of the plane. The jumpmaster sat on the right rear seat, facing the first jumper. The man jumping second sat behind the pilot, and when his turn came he had to maneuver past the jumpmaster into position beside the open door. I never had to perform this ballet, since I was always the first man to jump. Joe used to say putting the fastest guy out first saved gas.

The jump altitude for novices was 2,500 feet. As you approached your altitude, the jumpmaster gave you a little pep talk.

"Now, I want to see a good strong push-off and a good firm arch when

you're clear," he told me almost every time. "Get that head back and your arms and legs well out so your belt buckle is your closest point to the earth. When you go in for your ripcord with your right hand, don't forget to pull your left hand in over your head so your body will remain stable." In reply, all I could ever do was nod dumbly and wish I were in that prison down below.

As the exit point approached, the jumpmaster used to hunch forward in his seat and lean through the door opening, so he could guide the pilot in lining up the plane. My jumpmaster was always George Tumilo, and what I remember most about George, because at this point in the jump your brain is working feverishly and every little thing becomes etched in your mind, was how his face got all pushed out of shape by the propeller blast when he leaned out that open door.

When we got close, the first command, "Stand by," was yelled. You pivoted



I MANAGED TO MISS THE COWS EVERY TIME—AND THE POWER LINES ALL BUT ONCE

on your rump 90° to your left so you faced the door opening. Then you grabbed the sides of the door frame and put your feet out onto the step, a piece of 2-by-6 lumber bolted to the bottom of the plane. At this point the jumpmaster signaled the pilot to cut the engine and then gave his second command, "On the step." Now it really got hairy. With your feet on the 2 by 6, you heaved your entire body out of the plane, writhed to your left again and grabbed the wing strut. Now you were facing in the direction of the line of flight, your body stretched out almost parallel to the ground, face down. This was the moment when that person would look so good to me ("The only thing these guys have to do is serve out their sentences," a fellow jumper told me one time. "They don't have to jump out of this stupid airplane.") Then a voice barked "Go!" and you felt a smart rap on your left shoulder. You kicked your legs backward, shoved off with your hands and you were on your own.

A tremendous feeling of relief comes over you at that moment—not later when the chute opens, but the instant you shove off. No more decisions, no more battles, no more risk of dishonor. As for the chute, well, of course it will open, don't be ridiculous. You go through the three-second countdown you have been taught: arch second, hook second, reach second, pull! Then you count to six, and if your chute hasn't opened by then, you drop your ripcord and reach for your reserve chute.

Ordinarily, it is a point of honor for a jumper not to drop his ripcord. This has humanitarian implications. The ripcord handle weighs about half a pound, and such an object dropped from 2,500 feet or so can wreak all sorts of damage on objects below. The exception to this caveat, of course, is a malfunction. In those cases the jumper needs both hands.

One of the refinements of modern sport parachutes is a device called a deployment sleeve, something the Russians really did invent a number of years ago. It drastically reduces the possibility of the chute's fouling on opening, and it markedly cushions the opening shock. In the three-second jump-and-pull situation I have been describing, your body has very little time to pick up speed, and the deployment sleeve virtually eliminates the opening shock. You hear a

faint whomp, your body is tugged gently upright and that beautiful canopy billows out above you in all its glory. You hang there in the sky, with a view that's hard to beat, and listen for the talker to guide you in. (The talker, in the case of my jump center, was a man on the ground with a bullhorn whose function it was to guide novice jumpers toward the place they were supposed to come down. Nowadays, I understand, they use ground-to-air intercoms built into the jump helmets.) At this moment, the realization that the worst thing that can happen to you now is breaking a leg seems hilarious. A minute ago you were worried about how they were going to get you scraped off the landscape.

On my eighth jump I wound up in the power lines. It happened this way. Most jump centers insist that if a jumper is over 35 years old, or if he weighs over 175 pounds, he must use a 32-foot chute, one that lets him down easy, as a special precaution against broken bones. I qualified on both weight and age, but I was renting my equipment, and not owning a 32-foot chute was one of this center's cavalier quirks. So I made seven jumps with a 28-foot chute and had no trouble—the impact felt like a fall of about four feet. But for jump No. 8 they got me a 32-footer, and it threw the talker off by making my descent so slow. As a result I drifted too far.

One might ask why I didn't use my own judgment as I neared the ground. After all, if you can't see power lines from up there, where can you see them from? Well, blame Pete Anderson for that. Pete, a 19-year-old novice at the center, broke his ankle the week before because he used his own judgment. The last instructions he received on his fateful jump were, "Eyes on the horizon, legs tight together, don't turn the chute." Pete promptly forgot all three, and he hit the ground at a sharp angle, left foot first. His ankle broke in three places. The moral was not wasted on me: always obey the talker.

But as I demonstrated my renewed faith in the talker on my next jump, what I didn't realize was that I had drifted so far past the intended landing area (the cow pasture) that the trees interfered with the talker's line of sight. Not perturbed, he kept saying things like, "You're doing fine, just hold that heading." Funny, I thought, it looks just as

continued

lover's lane



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LIFE AND HIGH TIMES *continued*

though I'm headed for those power lines. No sooner had the thought crossed my mind than my rear end slammed into the top wire.

From the ground the wires look about as big around as a pipe cleaner, but when you're sitting on one you find they have the thickness of a man's thumb. This one started flailing vigorously. It tossed me straight up, after which I plummeted straight down again. I knew, or hoped, that one wire alone couldn't hurt me, but that if I touched two at the same time I had had it. I exerted enormous mental effort to make myself thin, and apparently it worked, because on the second descent I dropped straight through the wires and stopped in mid-air as my chute tangled in an adjacent tree. I'm lucky Dan, I hung there below the lowest wire, but still 15 feet above the ground, with my shroud lines gently rubbing the wires. I am living testimony to the fact that nylon is a non-conductor of electricity.

I quit my sky diving career soon afterward. This was not a direct result of my wire jump. I made four more jumps after that, but jump No. 8 took a lot of the bloom off the rose. So did jump No. 10. I made that one in such deep twilight that the talker couldn't even spot me in the gloom as I descended. I completed the jump about 10 yards from the edge of a pond—not a very big pond, but a deep one. Since it usually took me about five minutes to unbuckle my harness after hitting the ground, I could imagine how long it would take in the middle of the pond. Maybe forever. Things were a little casual around there, as I said.

Among the regular jumpers, I was the senior by a good 10 years, and I sensed that they regarded me as a mild curiosity. My friends and neighbors, nongumpers all, made it clear how they regarded me. But basically, my quitting was the result of none of these things. I think I quit because I finally realized that I had been trying to prove the unprovable. I had even more rationalizations for quitting than I had for starting—but again, I'm not going to burden you with that. It's been five years since my last jump, and it will be even longer before my next. In fact, you couldn't get me to jump today if you paid me as much as they paid Rod Pack. Or put me in that nearby prison. **END**

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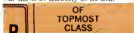
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Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

PUT IT ON . . .

• Blowing the whistle as official starter for a bicycle race in Baltimore was a miniskirted hometown girl, better known as stripper **Blaze Starr**. Blaze gets a lot of requests to do things like this, which she accepts as part of her civic duty. But she doesn't really cycle any more. She keeps in condition by jogging. And what is her condition? It's 42-25-38, that's how her condition is.

... AND TAKE IT OFF

Means he, back in Cleveland's Pepper Pike Club, there was **Ohio Governor James A. Rhodes**, a bit late for a golf date. No matter, he dispatched an aide to pick up some golf toys, took his clubs and started playing in his business suit. Sixth tee, back came the man with the golf clothes. Rhodes swapped the game—stripped briskly to his shorts and socks—and changed costumes. And that's how the governor keeps in condition, Blaze.

They all laughed when Jockey **Willie Shoemaker** went out for basketball. His team, the Record Breakers, met Composer **Burt Bacharach's** Highnotes in a charity game to raise funds for the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association in Del Mar, Calif. But who scored the first basket—a neat 15-footer—and provided the spark that fired the Breakers to a runaway 61-41 victory? Right.

Keep your eye on Willie. That's Willie playing out there at center court. In the elevator sneakers.

Fund-raising also was behind that party staged by California Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. **Ed Reinecke** to boost the Sacramento Symphony. Actor **Dan DeFoe** auctioned off **Robert Stack's** golf bag, \$105, and a dozen of **Blag Crosby's** golf balls—which drew \$16 each over the list price, probably because they were autographed. Then the Reineckes donated a real, live



horse named **Mister Ed**, which sold for \$110, and the whole firm affair raved some \$20,000. But one more thing. Mister Ed really turns out to be Missus Ed—he/she is quite pregnant—and what the buyer gets is the baby to be. Watch this space for further details.

Special Sporting Award to a man who may be out of Schlitz but never out of beer:

Ever since 1896, **Charles Hawkins** has been visiting the Holly Bush Inn at Staffordshire, England for a few pints of that good old mild. Now the brewery supplying the pub has decided to give 88-year-old Charlie free beer for the rest of his life. Charlie's wife Martha, who is 83, doesn't mind since. "He never has too much, and he's always home on time." But let one put too much importance on the stuff, Martha says. "It isn't the beer which has kept him going all these years. It's my elderberry wine."

The spicy story of the week involves young **Ben Colman**, scion of the Colman mustard family. He was helicoptering to his cot-

tage in Oxfordshire when the whirlybird faltered. So he crash-landed safely, picking out an appropriate spot. Field of mustard, of course.

• The San Francisco Opera opened with *Tosca*, which is a pretty sporty affair all by itself. But there at the halftime break was **Charley Krueger**, the 49er defensive tackle, with all his 270 pounds neatly fitted into a tuxedo, escorting **Kristin Adler**, whose dad is general director of the opera. Krueger confessed to a little bit of coaching: "Kris gave me some material, like a playbook," he said. He studied it and, "It made the opera much more enjoyable for me." And, listen, about the clothes: "I knew that I was supposed to rent tails, but I just didn't have the courage."

The Twins' **Dave Boswell** has 22 new stitches in his pitching hand—he was "scuffling" with teammate **Paul Ruffolo** and neglected to put down the glass he was holding at the time. Let's see, now. In two years Boswell has: 1) cut himself with a fishing knife, 2) been bitten by

a snake, 3) gotten into a fight with a fan in a stadium parking lot, 4) flattened teammate **Bob Allison**, who was trying to act as a peacemaker, and then 5) been flattened himself by soon-to-be-fired Manager **Billy Martin** and 6) wrecked his pitching motion by, as he says, walking around in tight shoes—a mistake which brought on a condition not to be confused with the one that wrecked his form of 1969. That, he explains, was caused by "a frog in my upper back."

The following fish story is rated X—

Anglers the world over will be dismayed to learn that a gang of scientists is planning a sneaky new lure for **Nessie**, the Loch Ness monster. The crew, from an institution called the Academy of Applied Sciences at Belmont, Mass., will pour into the Scottish lake some "sex essences" of eels, sea cows, sea lions and fish. And if that fails to stir up **Nessie**, they plan to play underwater tapes of eels and sea lions eating, fighting and mating.

Pay no attention, **Nessie**. Stay down there, old girl. What do they think this is: Denmark?



For Easterners, prospecting doesn't pay off

Penn State took a trip to the Rockies seeking victory No. 24, only to get buried in a Buffalo stampede. As a result, blasé Colorado students have decided that football is almost as much fun as parties and pot

A lot of things have been buried in the lofty old Rockies over the years. More than a few skiers, for example, and a scattering of snowmobile pilots. Loads of gold and silver and lead, too, not to forget some of the grizzled miners who dug for it and then couldn't remember where after celebrating their discoveries in the creaking saloons. But now, something else lies lost in those Western wilds: college football's longest winning streak. Penn State, the Allegheny mountain boys, went prowling in the Rockies for the first time last week and found out what life in the real mountains is all about (see cover).

It had been 31 game days since Penn State had known what it was like to lose. All the way back to the third game of 1967. There had been a tie in the Gator Bowl after that season, but Joe Paterno's Nittany Lions had then won 23 straight, including a couple of Orange Bowl squeakers over Kansas and Missouri. But this was a

new season, and a lot of the stars of the streak had left. Penn State's opening victory over Navy by 55-7 had proved only that most Eastern teams—the second-line ones, at least—were as feeble as ever. Now came a far different problem.

A game with rugged, physical, head-hunting Colorado out there in the high country, that would prove something, Paterno admitted. The win streak was impressive, of course, but there had been a good many Navys, Boston Colleges, Marylands and Olivos in the middle of it. There were some who had felt all along that the streak was realistically more like eight in a row, figuring that was about as many first-rate teams as the Lions had whipped over those years.

Paterno himself was even getting a little weary of the streak, certainly tired of all the talk about it, and of the pressure that steadily had been building. Early in the week he said, "Frankly,

we'll probably prove more about what kind of people we are when we lose. You know, the recovery-from-adversity bit and all that."

Colorado certainly gave him the chance. The Buffs of Eddie Crowder did not just snap the win streak (on what might have been the most gloriously sunny and refreshing day in the history of mankind); they are another of those Big Bad Eight teams, and they simply took the streak and crushed it like an avalanche coming down on a mine shack. Colorado started beating the Easterners on the first play of the afternoon with an interception and did not stop beating them until the score was 41-13, the gun had sounded and the Colorado players were lined up for those post-game wind sprints they call "Jingle Jingle," a little morale thing they have. By then the Colorado fans were doing something they have never before had occasion to do. They were chanting, "We're No. 1!" Just like the folks at Ohio State and Texas and Southern Cal.

The game was the biggest thing that ever happened to Colorado football, of course. It was the big chance. National television, national press and a highly rated opponent from the mysterious East. But, ironically, the town seemed as if it sort of hated to think about it during the week.

Boulder has had only infrequent moments of football glory. Way back in the 1930s there had been Whizzer White for one brief year. He took the Buffaloes to the Cotton Bowl. The 1956 team made the Orange Bowl, largely on the strength of playing No. 1 Oklahoma a close one. Then came the Sonny Grandelius era, when the team added the neutral color of black to its gold and silver—black for the color of Sonny's heart, some fans said. Sonny chopped out a 9-1 season with the likes of Joe Remig



JOHN TAVER'S SHORT SCORING PLUNGE STARTS THE BUFFS TOWARD RUNAWAY WIN

and Jerry Hillebrand, and won another Orange Bowl trip, but then Colorado went to jail in a recruiting scandal. Bused again. And in came Eddie Crowder, mild and pipe-smoking, a bit of a reflection of his old master at Oklahoma, Bud Wilkinson.

Since 1963 Crowder has been trying to put it all together. "What we need is two good seasons back to back," he was saying last week. "Colorado has never had that. Not necessarily two Big Eight championships, just two good teams. Bowl teams. That will help turn the fans into the rabid sort you see at other places."

So Boulder was fascinatingly quiet all week. Unlike a Fayetteville or a Baton Rouge, there were no banners strewn around town commanding the Buffs to do this thing to the Lions. Nobody wore gold and silver and black the way people wear red everywhere at Arkansas or Nebraska. There was only one marquee on a business establishment made a reference to the game. A tire store had a sign that said simply, "Beat Penn State." Quite a few signs, though, said "Don't berate, participate. Join the PTA."

Assistant Athletic Director Fred Casotti tried to explain it. "Most people in Colorado are from somewhere else," he said. "We're transients. The school is sophisticated, and there are always those mountains for diversion. But mainly we haven't had the howling, consistent success that attracts national attention and instills pride in the fans. We're getting there, though."

Some of the diversions were obvious. Boulder sits at the foot of the Rockies, and they were splashed with snow. On game day, in fact, right there on good old Sept. 26, the ski area of Eldora, only 24 miles away, opened up. Meanwhile, The Hill near the campus was populated as usual with its hordes of milling hippies, the kind of people who made Boulder a stop on the peace circuit a few years ago when they heard that California was going to fall into the ocean.

This was the school, then, that was expected to have the best chance of ending Penn State's run: a school noted for its inconsistency and indifference, its sophistication and diversions, a school half stocked with long-haired fun types discussing new mountain crags to start a commune on, and half stocked with the other kind, those afraid even to drive past The Hill for fear that some fleas

might leap off the hippie cloaks and sandals and jam the engines of their Maseratis.

Somewhere in between, however, Eddie Crowder had worked a few football players into the "party school," as it has been called, an odd assortment of musclemen who just might turn Boulder into one of those Fayettevilles after all. So Colorado unleashed on startled Penn State a squad of vicious hitters led by a tall, strong defensive end named Herb Orvis, from Flint, Mich.; a tall, strong linebacker named Rick Ogle, from Bozeman, Mont.; and a short, strong safety named "Bad Dude" Stearns. When they can't find anything else to hit, they hit each other. They hit Penn State early with some pride-bending tackles and interceptions, and jumped out in front 13-0. Then they started hitting on offense with the anovogue triple option, which Penn State had not seen much of. Colorado just ran and ran off the triple, sending a hounding tailback named John Tarver, from Bakersfield, Calif. around the ends with option pitches, and Fullback Ward Walsh, from Weaverville, Calif. slicing up the middle.

The pass was there, too, radarized in on Penn State's three-deep secondary, and Quarterback Jim Bratten, another Californian, used it just when he needed to. Colorado drove 71 yards for the touchdown that made the score 20-7 at halftime, and called on another transient to put the thing away on the second-half kickoff. Cliff Branch, a 9.3 darter from Houston, had been waiting a year to get eligible at CU, and Crowder had been trying to stay patient, anticipating what Branch could give to his team. Speed and moves.

Branch took the kickoff 97 yards away from the Penn State goal, came up the right-middle of the field, got a couple of good blocks, flashed into the open, stepped out of a tackle about midfield—and whoosh. Colorado had it nailed now, 27-7, and Fred Casotti planned to kid Crowder that Branch wasn't so fast, actually, seeing as how it had taken him 12 seconds to go 97 yards.

If Branch's dazzling return didn't finally take everything out of Penn State, then the Colorado defense did only moments later. Paterno's team tried to fight back, the way a team accustomed to winning does, partly on instinct, perhaps. Its two fast and pow-

erful runners, Franco Harris and Lydell Mitchell, kept punching away, and the Lions drove 66 yards to a first down at the Buff's six-yard line. A Lion score then would have made it 27-14 and would at least have given Penn State some hope, although Colorado had looked so clearly superior that you couldn't imagine Crowder being very worried. At any rate, Colorado's defense held at the two, after four plays, with Orvis and Ogle and another top transient, Rich Varriano from Minnesota, doing the biggest job.

It was all over then for sure, except for the scoreboard operator. And Joe Paterno, as anxious to leave now as he had been unanxious to come, was gracious and honest in his new role as the loser of a football game.

"We were outcoached, outplayed, out-hit and outscored," he said. "It's as simple as that. The trip wasn't a total loss, though. My wife got to see the Rockies. Sue had never been out of Western Pennsylvania. She woke me up this morning pointing and said, 'Have you seen those mountains?'"

The game took on so many elements of a Colorado romp that it was difficult to tell exactly how good the Buffs might be, or whether Penn State can be that bad. There was no question that Colorado had more muscle, infinitely better quarterbacking and a fine, varied attack, with Crowder using the triple option off the I-formation to get more flexibility with the forward pass. Colorado also had the tough defense for which Penn State was noted before it graduated its Mike Reids and Dennis Onkotzes.

There can't be a better defensive end than Herb Orvis, who did two years in the Army before Crowder got him to Colorado. There can't be many linemen better than Rich Varriano. And there can't be a meaner safety than Bad Dude Stearns, who has his head shaved and openly admits he wants to become known as the most insane hitter in the history of football. Only a sophomore, Bad Dude may not live that long. If he doesn't kill himself running into things, he may get assassinated in the still of the night by an aggrieved opponent. Bad Dude could become the first player to discover how to throw a shoulder at somebody on his way to church.

Well, Colorado will find out how good

continued

it is. The other Big Eight buddies are coming up, and so is surprising Air Force. Right now, though, Colorado is celebrating its biggest win ever in football, and if word of it filters around to that other half of the campus, the one on The Hill letting its hair grow, the Rockies might be in for a kind of madness that no prospector could ever have dreamed of.

THE WEEK

by SANDY TREADWELL

EAST

1. WEST VIRGINIA (3-0)
2. PENN STATE (1-1)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (2-0)

"Well, we didn't do much right, but we did get the game played," said Coach Ben Schwartzwalder after Kansas defeated his troubled Syracuse Orangemen 31-14. There were rumors of protests and violence in Syracuse all week, and twice, at the suggestion of Police Chief Thomas Sardino, Mayor Lee Alexander considered obtaining a court order to cancel it all. On Saturday morning Alexander decided the game should be played. Security precautions included a six-foot wire fence around the field in Archbold Stadium, and the Syracuse players were bused in under guard. One hundred uniformed policemen were in the stadium and 50 plainclothesmen were scattered through the stands. Some 60 placard-carrying pickets appeared, and during the game tear gas was used to control a disturbance on property adjoining the campus. Not surprisingly, Kansas Coach Pepper Rodgers found little pleasure in his team's victory. "I was concerned about what might happen at the game," he said. "I'm sure it affected our kids. But I'm positive it affected the Syracuse kids more."

West Virginia, which must be considered the East's top team after Penn State's defeat by Colorado, has the nation's leading offense. In three games the Mountaineers have gained 1,808 yards and scored 139 points. Against VMI in Morgantown last Saturday they led 27-0 after the first quarter and finished the game with 545 yards and a 47-10 win. Bob Gresham got three TDs for West Virginia, Pete Wood two more. "The fun is over," said Mountaineer Coach

Bobby Bowden, a compulsive worrier. "Now we have to get ready for Indiana and Penn State."

Halfback Fred Willis scored three of the Eagles' four touchdowns as Boston College flew over Navy 29-14. Princeton, shut out by Rutgers a year ago in football's centennial game, mastered the Scarlet Knights this time.

SOUTH

1. MISSISSIPPI (2-0)
2. AUBURN (2-0)
3. ALABAMA (2-1)

Just when Coach John Ray and his Kentucky Wildcats should have been settling down to final preparations—films and a team meeting—for their game against Archie Manning, a crisis developed. The team managers had packed the wrong game jerseys. Saturday morning was spent in a frantic search for new uniforms. Finally it was discovered that a Jackson sporting goods store had some nondescript blue ones, and the harried managers bought up a supply. As it turned out, the 46,701 spectators in Memorial Stadium did not even notice; it was their own Ole Miss Rebels who looked nondescript.

Kentucky used something called a Z-Cut-off Rush, which translated means that a lot of these blue jerseys poured in on Manning, forcing him to miss with his first seven passes. Nearly as disabling as the Kentucky rush was the afternoon's oppressive humidity and 90 heat. "Our receivers ran so much they got hot, and they got leg cramps," Manning explained. "It's hard for anybody to play in these conditions. We just wore down." Still, Archie completed two touchdown passes to his favorite receiver, Floyd Franks, and the Rebels managed a 20-17 victory over the team that upset them a year ago.

Shag Jordan turned 60 years old the day before Auburn's game with Tennessee, an occasion that allowed the Tigers' coach a moment of introspection. "I had debated with myself what to do in the event we won the toss," he said. "You know, they say that insecurity is a sign of getting old." Jordan's team showed that youth wasn't terribly secure either. The Tigers lost the ball eight times on six fumbles and two interceptions. The Vols didn't fare much better; they had four passes intercepted and lost two fumbles. "Stupid calls on my part and some poor execution killed us," said Coach Bill Battle after the game. What really clinched Auburn's 36-23 win was the performance of junior Quarterback Pat Sullivan. He broke his own school record for

total offense by running for 70 yards and passing for 288. In the locker room Jordan was feeling old and crusty as he turned his attention to the artificial surface in Birmingham's Legion Field. "A bunch of sadists invented it and promulgated it, and people in the press box and others who promote it should be forced to play on it."

In Tuscaloosa, Alabama placed an eight-man front on defense in order to make Florida's John Reeves hurry his passes and sent two defenders out to cover Receiver Carlos Alvarez. The result was a humbling 46-15 defeat for the highly ranked Gators. They managed more first downs on penalties (four) than by passing (three) and were limited to just 41 yards rushing. Perhaps most humiliating of all, however, was a 30-yard run by a mysterious Alabama player in the fourth quarter. His name, later determined to be that of a senior non-letterman, Rod Stoeckley, was not in the Tide's game roster.

The only excitement during LSU's 24-0 victory over Rice in Baton Rouge was provided by the lighting system in Tiger Stadium. Near the end of the third quarter two-thirds of the lights suddenly went out. The game was halted for eight minutes, and then the coaches and referee decided to resume play. All of which proved that the Rice Owls perform no better in the dark.

Two teams, Georgia Tech and North Carolina, demonstrated that after years of disappointment their football programs have been revitalized. Tech dispatched Miami 31-21 for its third straight and the Tar Heels routed Maryland 53-20. Some Carolina students had a message for Tom McMillen, the super schoolboy basketballer who made a last-minute jump from the Tar Heels to Maryland last month, ostensibly at his parents' insistence. They displayed a banner that read: "Tom—Say Hi To Your Mom."

South Carolina scored in the fourth quarter to tie N.C. State 7-7.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (2-0)
2. ARKANSAS (2-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (2-1)

More than five hours before the game against the Texas Longhorns was to begin, the students of Texas Tech began to assemble outside the gates of Jones Stadium in Lubbock. But only 15,000 seats were provided for the university's 20,000 students. Chaos ensued. Half an hour before the gates were to open the students became an impatient mob. They broke through one of the entrances and began claiming seats all over the stadium. So many standing-room spaces were sold that attendance in the 41,500-

continued

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This is a true story about a tire almost too good to be true. A tire that's 33% stronger—that gives 30% better mileage—than even our fiberglass-bellied tire.

The story's from a state trooper. An expert on highway driving—and highway safety. We can give you his story but not his name. Because neither the trooper nor his state can lend their names to any product. So his face is masked, his uniform disguised.

"I've been driving a patrol car for 14 years now, and I guess I've tried every kind of tire. But never anything like these Lifesaver Radials. The way they hold the road on curves and in the rain is—well, it's fantastic. But the really amazing thing is the mileage. We get three or four times as much wear out of Lifesavers as we do from specially built patrol tires."

You can hear the same kind of testimony from troopers across the country now riding on B.F. Goodrich Radials. Exactly the same tires you can buy.

Lifesavers are like no other tires you've ever ridden on. They're made a whole new way with a belt of Dynacor® Rayon Cord. So they corner better. Take curves better. Stop quicker. They handle better and run cooler at high speed than fiberglass tires—even our own.

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The New BFG Lifesaver Radials.
Your life should be riding on them.



seat stadium was announced as 53,124.

There was hope among smooches and standees alike that the Red Raiders, the last team to defeat Texas, might snap the Longhorns' 21-game winning streak. After Texas turned a fumble and a poor punt into two early touchdowns, Tech Quarterback Charles Napper sustained two long drives, one with a 43-yard run of his own. So there were the Raiders at halftime trailing the national champions by just one point, 14-13. Of course, it didn't last. After some forceful words from Darrell Royal, Texas Quarterback Eddie Phillips picked up his triple option for a 35-13 win. Phillips led the Longhorn runners with 127 yards.

In Fayetteville, Arkansas had a disappointing first half, too. The Razorbacks were tied with Tulsa 7-7 until Bill Montgomery threw a soft 13-yard touchdown pass to Chuck Dicus with 52 seconds left in the half. Then Montgomery & Co. scored five touchdowns the next six times they had the ball and won 49-7.

The euphoria of the Baylor football team proved to be temporary. After ending a string of 11 straight losses with a triumphant march over Army, the Bears returned home to Waco and were put down by Pitt 15-10. They squandered a 10-point lead in the fourth quarter when Dave Haven, the Panthers' underdog quarterback, drove Pitt 80 and 81 yards for TDs.

WEST

- 1 USC (2-0-1)
- 2 STANFORD (3-0)
- 3 UCLA (3-0)

UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro is not, by nature, an impromptu playmaker. But with just 2:47 showing on the clock in Los Angeles Coliseum and his Bruins trailing Northwestern 7-6, Prothro called time and answered a pass pattern. It involved two wide receivers and something called "a pattern eight streak." Quarterback Dennis Dummit returned to the huddle with the play. At the snap End Terry Venois shut downfield and angled toward the goalpost. Venois caught Dummit's pass between two Wildcat defenders, and UCLA had a 53-yard touchdown and a 12-7 victory. In the dressing room after the game, Prothro understandably was pleased. "That's the first time in my coaching career that I've done a thing like that," he said.

Strategy was more predictable in Eugene, Ore. After a shaky first half in which he completed just nine passes and was unable to get Stanford a touchdown, Jim Plunkett ran 15 yards for a score and threw for three TDs. His third, a 26-yard bullet to Flanker

Randy Vataha, ended the scoring at 33-10. That pass increased Plunkett's career total to 39 touchdown throws, establishing a new Pacific Eight record.

Washington's defensive unit is known as the Great Patrol, which is a way of indicating that it averages less than 200 pounds per man. For a while at least, it swarmed down upon Michigan, holding the Wolverines to only three first downs in the first half. Meanwhile the marvellously named Husky quarterback, Sonny Sixkiller, marched Washington downfield to, well, a field goal. Then Michigan's Bo Schenbeckler called Preston Henry, a third-string tailback, from the bench and Henry rattled off 113 yards in 13 carries, scored two touchdowns and brought the Wolverines in 17-3.

With Lynn Dickey nursing bruised ribs on the sidelines, Kansas State was no match for Arizona State, which won 35-13. Sun Devil Quarterback Joe Spagnola accounted for 563 yards in total offense, enough to break the school career mark (3,285—held for 26 years by Whizzer White) by 10 yards. Arizona State's defense, led by Hawaiian Defensive End Junior Ah You, dropped reserve Quarterback Max Arreguin five times and intercepted him three times. The only Sun Devil disappointed by the day was Tackle Bob Davenport. "I'm sorry Dickey didn't play," he said. "I had been waiting all week to get a piece of him." Ah so.

California recovered from a drubbing by Texas and had its biggest offensive day in 23 years, crushing Indiana 56-14.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (1-0)
2. NEBRASKA (2-0-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (2-0)

Last year the Texas Longhorns ran up the highest score against Texas A&M in Aggie history, 49-12, and remember how the Horns finished the season? This year Ohio State, ranked No. 1 before even playing a game, started off by upping the Aggie numbers to 56-13. The Buckeyes scored the first three times they had the ball, gaining 57 yards on the first three plays alone. Said A&M's impressed depressed coach, Gene Stallings, "They simply had too much manpower for us—the first, second or third teams." He should be thankful the season is young. Said Wayne Woodrow Hayes, "Our defense isn't as sharp as it was last year, yet. We've got a lot of improvement to make, but we can be a good football team still." While you are wiping away that tear, consider Wingback Larry Zeina's performance for an indication of how frightening the Buckeyes can be. He carried the ball only twice—

for 43 yards and a touchdown—and managed another 37 yards on three pass receptions. Aggie Quarterback Lex James did pretty well himself. He completed 18 of 30 passes for 271 yards and two touchdowns, but had trouble with handoffs. He lost four of them to the enemy, three to End Kenny Luttner.

Perhaps because General William Westmoreland paid a visit to the Lincoln campus to watch Army play Nebraska, Coach Bob Devaney said before the game, "The Army team is a credit to the Military Academy. It is good to know that these kind of people are protecting us." Army's protective perimeter, however, comforted only Devaney. Buckarmies were damped for losses 17 times as the Cadets absorbed a 28-0 defeat.

Purdue's Bob DeMoss is in his first year as head coach. It may be a long one. Purdue's three-year domination of Notre Dame ended in a 48-0 rout. The final score was the highest rolled up against the Boilermakers since Frank Leahy's 1946 team rambled 49-6. Leahy himself was honored at half-time, and he informed the home-campus crowd, "You are worth at least a touchdown each half."

Air Force Coach Ben Martin preached patience to Quarterback Bob Parker prior to the season, advising him to let his receivers run a bit. The touchdowns would come, he said. In St. Louis, against heretofore explosive Missouri, they did. Parker threw 28 times and hit 13 for 295 yards before retiring. By then the Falcons were well on their way to a 37-14 victory, and a hitch upward in the national rankings.

Southern California gained 596 yards over the first three quarters en route to a 66-0 total that resulted in 48 points in a shut-out of Iowa.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: In a rousing home opener, Quarterback Joe Theismann completed 17 of 24 passes for 276 yards and three touchdowns to lead Notre Dame to a 48-0 win over Purdue, first for the Irish over the Boilermakers since 1968.

THE LINEMAN: Colorado End Herb Owen, 23-year-old Army veteran and the Buffaloes' emotional leader on defense, made 16 tackles (three of which threw runners for losses, in the 45-33 rout that ended Penn State's winning streak.

In Stillwater, Okla. Quarterback Tony Pounds sneaked 43 yards and David Graham ran a kickoff back 85 yards as Oklahoma State beat Houston for the second consecutive year, 26-17. Oklahoma, meanwhile, was thrown for a 23-14 loss by Oregon State.

END

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There are about 15,000 places in this country where you can rent a car.

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Maybe it began with Custer or Cody (who borrowed the idea from the Indians) or about the time Kit Carson showed up in all that fringe, but American men began wearing leathers a long time ago and have been wearing them ever since for things that count, like getting out of town and into the country. Each season someone adds a fancy touch or two but the basics stay the same: rugged clothes that stand up well for everything from shooting to riding to just knocking around, and they go best in a Western setting such as Sun Valley, which is the big Idaho granddaddy of all resorts. When more than 150 top shooters showed up there recently for the 22nd annual Shoshone Indian Pow Wow, everybody had the Western idea, from hosts Bill and Anne Janas, lower left on the opposite page, to champion marksman Ken Jones, at ease below and shooting on the next page. Those Indians must have been right all along.

—RUTH LEDER

WELL SUITED UP: Sun Valley head kick Danton rides in a leather-and-made coat at left, then switches to a fringed vest to meet Linda Gottschalk; opposite page, upper left. At far right, ski instructor Rudi Erler, with shooter Paul Buzas, wears fringed jacket and cowboy boots. Easy-swinging tops are best for shooting, like the suede-front vest worn by Jones, below, or his plaid shirt, far right. Jones was 1966 world clay-pigeon team champion.

SPORTING LOOK

*New touches
on the oldtime look
of leather*







LEATHERY GUIDE

On the first page, Denton's coat is by Hardy Amies USA, \$190 at Whitehouse & Hardy stores, New York. Jones' vest is by Pendleton, \$20 at the Bon Marche, Seattle. On the following page, Gottschalk's poncho and Denton's vest are by El Toro Bravo, \$55 and \$35 at Joseph Magnin, California and Nevada. Eriq's jeans are by H. D. Lee, the jacket is \$45 at Sears. Jams' suede sport coat is by Bert Paley, \$125 at Filene's, Boston and branches; Anne's outfit is from The Asventura, Sun Valley. Jones' pigskin shooting shirt is from Copenhagen, \$115 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. On the page opposite, top left, Margot Herringway's wool poncho is by Jantzen, \$20 at Donaldson's, Minneapolis. Her dad's bush coat is by Bert Paley, \$160 at Filene's, Boston; his brush trousers are \$32.50 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. Top right, Huttig's twill and suede-trim shooting coat is \$150 at Abercrombie & Fitch, and Jams' calfskin shirt, by Bill Blass for PBM, is \$250 at Bonwit Teller, all stores. Lower left, Peterson's coat is by Pierre Cardin, \$200 at Ulisano, Chicago. At lower right, Eriq's lambskin sport coat is by Bremer of Amsterdam, \$90 at Woff's Clothiers, St. Louis. His reptile-print velvet slacks are by Bill Blass for PBM, \$160.50 at all Bonwit Teller stores. Linda's veneered leather slacks, sweater and boots are by Head Ski & Sports Wear, \$200, \$20 and \$30 respectively, at Pepe Sports, Vail, Colo.

ON THE SIDELINES at the shoot, Idlewood Jack Herringway, with daughter Margot, at upper left, wears a cambride bush coat. At right, Jams, with gun club director Ben Huttig, show a calfskin shirt for comfort and heading up at left below, companion Toot Peterson wears a belted leather coat. Showing off the youthful applications, right, are Eriq and Gottschalk.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHOOT & LONG

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Green Stripe
backer**

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GREEN STRIPE
SCOTCH WHISKY

USHER'S GREEN STRIPE
Since 1853, the original light Scotch

Don't tell your friends who won the series

A lot of Roller Derby fans are happy to wait until the videotape turns up in their area to find out who the world champions are, so let's keep it a secret. Between us, here's what happened at San Francisco

In Oz the trick was to possess a firm belief in whatever one had hopes for—courage or sagacity or merely a trip back to Kansas. Nevertheless, while the Wizard himself was a well-intentioned sort of mountebank, it is not known whether he operated the Land at a profit, and nowadays that is certainly a prime requisite for success. Imagine, indeed, a new improved Oz, with all the regular joys of that old family favorite, yet with booming prosperity and security, too; with no wicked witches to threaten stability, and no little dogs to reveal the state secrets. What a place that would be—the new, improved Oz.

Luckily, there is such a place here on earth, although, of course, it is not easy to visit. In Tulsa, for instance, it is possible to go there only on Fridays at mid-

night; in Amarillo only on Saturday afternoons at half past one; 10:30 Sunday mornings in New York City; 12 o'clock Monday nights in Denver. Those are the only times you can get There from Here—the times when the Roller Derby is on television.

There are now more than 100 towns where the Derby is on TV; it also visits nearly all of them once or twice a year, live, in person. For the 20 million TV viewers, and the nearly three million who see it at an arena in the course of a year, the Roller Derby is a magic realm to which they can retreat whenever they have the opportunity. There they find simplicity and order, yet endless variety, old-fashioned utilitarian violence and people and action that still fit neatly into the proper cubbyholes. It is a

great deal more comforting than the contradictory, shifting world they usually confront, particularly when the valiant Bay Bombers, led by Charlie O'Connell and Joanie Weston, whip the Midwest Pioneers or the Northwest Cardinals or the Northeast Braves or whatever other band of immoral scoundrels are about on skates.

The Derby has succeeded in packaging sport, entertainment and traditional values all into one handy take-home container, and the result is a revolutionary success. The parent company of today's version of the Derby was capitalized in 1960 for \$500, and is now valued at \$5 million.

Skating 21 weeks a year in its home territory around San Francisco Bay, the Derby manages to outdraw every pro team in the area except the second-place A's and, possibly, the Giants. On the off-season tour of the rest of America, demand is such that the beloved Bombers have had to be split in two—the Oakland Bay Bombers, with Joanie, playing half the country, and the San Francisco Bay Bombers, with Charlie, working the other half. Attendance is always high, usually a sellout, and the TV ratings top most other sports despite the fact that there is seldom any newspaper publicity. In fact, the fans are content to watch games that were videotaped long ago.

The World Series of the Derby was held last weekend at Oakland and San Francisco, and some stations will not receive the tape of the final between the Bombers and Pioneers until next spring. But the fans will endure the long winter with patience, waiting months to find out who became the world champion this fall. It seems almost unfair to report the results.

Yet if normal newspaper treatment is denied the Derby, it has suddenly been certified as a phenomenon, and as such has received searching coverage by a variety of publications from the *Rolling*

continued



TAKING TWO BRAVES WITH HIM, BOMBER CHARLIE O'CONNELL (40) HITS THE TRACK



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It starts off by giving you the protection you need at a price that's almost a steal. More important, it's protection that

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Then something remarkable happens:

As your children marry, and your responsibilities shrink, your insurance needs decrease. So we reduce your coverage. And your premiums will shrink, too. You'll

automatically have more money to enjoy your new leisure. And still have a base of protection that builds cash savings, and that's all paid up at 65.

The younger you are now, the more "Young Horizons" can accomplish. So why not call your local Aetna agent before you get a day older.

Not yet available in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

Aetna
LIFE & CASUALTY

OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

Stone to *The New Yorker*. A full-length documentary movie about a young man leaving Dayton to join the Derby has been accepted for showing at the San Francisco International Film Festival this month, and for general release thereafter. Now Universal and Al Ruddy, producer of *The Godfather*, have begun work on a film, *Black Comedy*, about girl skaters. Janis Joplin is being considered for the lead role. There is so much skate film about that there may soon be a whole category—like Westerns—called Derbies. The entire enterprise is again reaching the point it achieved around 1950 when a nation suddenly discovered television and Toughie Brasuhn. TV consumed the Derby then through overexposure. Appropriately, it has returned to fashion because the incumbent Roller Derby magnate has learned how to use TV for his own purposes.

There are not many magnates left. The only other one that comes immediately to mind is Debbie Reynolds' husband, who is always identified in the press as "Debbie Reynolds' husband, Harry Karl, the shoe magnate." Jerry Seltzer, 38, the son of Leo Seltzer, the man who created the Derby in 1935, may be the last of the magnates. And a very different one, too. When he put a syndicate together recently to bid for the Oakland Seals hockey franchise, Lamar Hunt, for one, backed him. The National Hockey League odd line, curdling at the thought of admitting a madman who promoted his events and shared profits with his athletes, chose Charles O. Finley instead.

Seltzer went back to his Derby and to needling Finley. For instance, once Finley scheduled a "Farmer's Day" for the A's, so Seltzer promptly announced the Derby would have "Farmer's Daughters Night" in the arena that adjoins the stadium. He nearly outdrew the baseball game.

A certain air of whimsy always pervades the opulent Bomber roof-garden offices, and Seltzer's attitude usually is a curious blend of the pragmatic and the humorous—which happens to be the same that prevails on the track. The skaters are never quite sure which comes first, competition or entertainment. For that matter, there is hardly a consensus in the Seltzer family councils. Leo Seltzer wants to see all the buffoonery eliminated and to have the Derby concentrate on being a sport. Jerry, while not wholly rejecting the idea, never forgets he is

the benevolent despot of this new, improved Oz that is so meaningful to many, and so remunerative as well.

Joanne Weston, the Bomber star and, really, the essence of the Derby, went along with Seltzer recently when he attended a convention of arena managers in Atlanta. She was amazed at the hom-



POLKA-DOT ANNIE, a featured skater for 22 years, hugs Derby impresario Jerry Seltzer.

age paid the Derby. On the plane back, she asked him: "Do you ever feel, Jerry, that you've created a monster, that sometimes you really don't know where it's going anymore?" He turned to her, and with a sheepish grin nodded his head and said, "Yeah."

Joanne is one of the skaters who looks forward particularly to the World Series, for it is the only time in the course of the year when, as Bomber Larry Smith says, "We don't have to sell anything." Joanne adds, "This is the way we should skate all year." Of course, even the series would never be mistaken for the Olympic 1,600-meter relay. Not all the skaters could resist falling into a few of their more popular routines, and Ann Cabello, resident villain on the Pioneers, came in polka-dot hair.

The semifinals produced the best skating of the year. The Bombers and Braves went into the last jam tied, but Charlie O'Connell blasted a path through two of the biggest Brave blockers, and the high scorer of the series, Cliff Butler, burst after him for the winning points. Against the favored Cardinals, the Pi-

oneers had an even stickier time, since they were behind much of the last half and came into the final jam behind, at 34-33. Then Eddie Krebs, lanky and bearded, got off on the jam for the Pioneers. Behind him came the Cardinals' Ronald Turbin. Skaters glided around the turns, with Krebs watching the refs. When he caught them looking the other way, he lashed out with what he calls his "kackback." The skate hit Turbin in the thigh and he crashed down. Krebs now could move to the pack unmolested, and when his teammate Bill Groff drove Cardinal star Ken Mosse high into the rail, Krebs shot through the opening, cut past a startled Mike Gammon and won it, 35-34, for the Pioneers.

The next night, however, they were never a threat to the Bombers, especially in the women's play. The Pioneers had some hope when O'Connell took a header off the track on a curve and crashed, mouth first, onto a table. But he returned to action after missing only one jam. Stressing defense, and holding onto the big leads the women built up, O'Connell led the Bombers home 40-38.

The fans cascaded from their seats. The Bombers had lost in the finals to the Braves last year, and now all was put right again. But this was only an anticlimax, really. The most important moment had come the night before when awards were presented at halftime of the second game—All-Stars, Most Valuable, Rookies-of-the-Year, Roller Derby King and Roller Derby Queen. Each name brought a burst of surprise and approbation. The players, beautifully attired in party dress if they were not skating in the game, cried out aghast if they won or deliriously if their friends did, and they hugged and kissed each other joyously. "Oh, Carolyn!" "Wonderful, Cliff!" "Tony, it's you!" As each was named, he posed for a photographer. In the stands, the fans, all the blood gone temporarily from their voices, stood like happy parents at a high school graduation. Only the wrist corsages were missing. The arena was heavy with pride and joy and a warm breath of community and a very special love for everyone who was part of this world.

At a time when so many of our "respectable" games are tossed by disension and pretension, the supreme irony of the Roller Derby is that, for all its shenanigans, there are moments when it ranks as pure sport.

END

IT SEEMS THE SUCKERS WANT AN EVEN BREAK.

The realization that the public does not like to be taken has taken a lot of manufacturers by surprise.

Toasters that suddenly won't toast suddenly won't be tolerated.

Nor will toys that break before noon on Christmas day. (We've been raising a whole generation of kids who think Santa's workmanship is terrible.)

People are showing their contempt for cars that break down on the way home from the showroom, too.

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Volvos are built to last. Exactly how long, we don't guarantee. But we do know that 9 out of every 10 registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

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Stanley's most happy Jug

With his neatly named colt, Stanley Dancer captured pacing's top prize, but it took him three heats and the winning edge was a neck



YELLING AND WHIPPING, DANCER BRINGS HOME MOST HAPPY FELLA IN FINAL HEAT

Even before last week's battle, the rivalry had become a classic. The combatants were a pair of remarkable pacing colts—Most Happy Fella and Columbia George—and all through the summer their furious, continuous duel had been the talk of harness racing. They raced everywhere, week after week, mile after mile, and the result was a stalemate. After 13 meetings the score was: Most Happy Fella 7, Columbia George 6. And the same was true of their speed. Eleven times Columbia George won by pacing the mile in under two minutes (with a season record of 1:56²/₅). Happy Fella did it 12 times (with a record of 1:56¹/₅). That is moving. Rarely has the sport been blessed with two such stars in the same year.

They met again last Thursday in Delaware, Ohio, and this time the pressure

was at absolute pitch, for this was the \$100,000 Little Brown Jug, the most esteemed prize in pacing and the race both colts had been bred, trained and pointed for. A boisterous crowd of 43,000 showed up on a hot, windy afternoon at the Delaware County Fairgrounds and the two colts gave the fans what they wanted to see, challenging each other all-out through three of the fastest, most exciting heats in Jug history. And in the final yards of the final heat it was Most Happy Fella, driven expertly by Stanley Dancer, his owner and trainer, who got his neck in front as they flashed past the wire.

The finish was so close that from her angle up in the crowded wooden grandstand Stanley's blond wife Rachel thought that Columbia George had won. When the photograph of the finish was

examined and the official result announced, she was, of course, most happy herself. The Dancers had bought the colt for \$12,000 and now he has won almost \$300,000, with more big purses ahead. Moreover, Dancer has already made a \$1 million deal for the colt's future. Most Happy Fella will race out this year, with the Dancers pocketing all the earnings; then he will be retired to stud at the Blue Chip Farms in Wallkill, N.Y.

"You know, I almost sold him for \$100,000 early this year, but Rachel wouldn't let me," said Dancer. "I said, 'Honey, we are in this business to make a living, you know,' and \$100,000 looked pretty good to me then. But Rachel just wouldn't let me sell him. I guess that was the difference between \$100,000 and \$1 million."

Luck? Perhaps. But, if so, it was the exception, because good sense—both horse and business—have made Dancer, at 43, one of the wealthiest and most successful men in all of sport. His stable always is one of the country's largest and his horses have won thousands of races and millions of dollars. Like Arnie and others in the athletic aristocracy, Stanley flies his own plane (a deluxe Beechcraft Queen Air), and he is the leading man in a current movie, a 14-minute color feature produced by Universal entitled *Dancer to Win*. Mannerly and generous, Dancer nevertheless is a man his fellow horsemen all love to beat, simply because he represents the best. And last week nobody wanted to beat him more than Roland Beaulieu, the 54-year-old who trains and drives Columbia George.

If Dancer and his million-dollar colt were the epitome of harness racing's Establishment, then Beaulieu and his colt were just as surely the classic underdogs. For more than 30 years Beaulieu had knocked around the fringes of the sport, doing well enough at fairs and such but never getting a horse good enough to compete at the very top. He is a sound horseman and he loves horses, and once he traveled from Maine to New York just to have a look at Columbia George's sire, Good Time, one of the great pacers. Then Dr. and Mrs. George Smith of Byram, Conn. brought him Columbia George.

Beaulieu knew early that the colt had potential, but he also had bowed tem-

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dons, a serious ailment in the forelegs that usually signals the end of a horse's racing career. But George was the only horse in his stable, so Beaulieu could give him what a horseman like Dancer could not—all of his time. Everything the colt has accomplished is due entirely to the special efforts of Beaulieu and his wife Blondie, who is George's groom. To them the colt became a household pet. He and a toy terrier travel in a trailer attached to the Beaulieus' own camper. One of the most appealing scenes at Delaware last week was that of the Beaulieus sitting in front of George's stall watching TV, with George looking over their shoulders.

Beaulieu He loves TV, especially cowboy movies, but he only watches at night.

Visitor Why?

Beaulieu Well, you don't watch daytime TV either, do you?

By noon on Jug day the track grounds were overflowing with the usual odd mixture of humanity—from tobacco-chewing farmers to bell-bottomed teens. A huge American flag flew over one group eating chicken from the tail gate of a station wagon lest one of them forget where the party was. Another group set up a dice game in the apple orchard off the backstretch. In the paddock the drivers were thinking only about the race and how the wind would affect their times.

Most Happy Fella figured to win the first heat, because George had the worst post in the field—No. 11, on the outside of the second tier of starters. The race went true to form. Taking the lead for good just after the half-mile mark, Most Happy Fella was an easy winner, by 2½ lengths, over the dark horse Ferre Hanover. Columbia George had to go outside three horses going into the last turn to find racing room and was fortunate to get up to third. What was surprising, however, was the time—1:57½, only a fifth slower than Bret Hanover's record, set in the 1965 Jug. Back in the paddock, Dancer was looking at his stopwatch and shaking his head.

"Look at that," he said. "I caught him in .57 flat and if you get out your magnifying glass you'll see it's actually a tick under that. Even with the wind, I think I could have gotten the record if I had just driven him on. But we've got another heat—and maybe more—still to go, so I didn't want to waste him."

In the second heat Columbia George

was expected to make a race of it, coming out of the No. 3 post, with Most Happy Fella on the rail. This time George took the lead at the half, with Leander Lobell, driven by Curly Smart, second and Most Happy Fella third. Just before the three-quarter pole Dancer moved out, threw his colt into high gear and began to catch up on the outside. But suddenly Smart pulled his horse out in front, forcing Dancer to check. Most Happy Fella. It was a smart move by Curly, and it cost Dancer the race. Although Most Happy Fella rallied to pull even down the stretch, Columbia George had not been used and one stroke of Beaulieu's whip sent him flying home three-quarters of a length in front. The time was an excellent 1:57½.

Now it was down to the third heat and this time they were head-to-head at the gate. Columbia George leaving from the rail and Most Happy Fella from No. 2. George took the lead and Most Happy Fella settled in right behind. Before the quarter pole Smart again moved Leander Lobell up on the outside and he stayed there until the final turn. But as Leander began to tire and fall back, Dancer took Most Happy Fella out and up alongside Columbia George as they turned for home. With the crowd on its feet and screaming, Most Happy Fella slowly drew out in front. Columbia George battled back—and then it was over. The time was 1:57½. Never had any horse raced three straight heats all in 1:58 or less, and now two had done it on the same afternoon.

Their eyes fixed straight ahead, Roland and Blondie slowly led their pet back to his barn, through the litter of empty beer cans and worthless mutual tickets. "I feel I did the best I could and so did the horse," Roland said as he brought George a drink of water. At Dancer's stable a crowd had gathered to gawk and snap their cameras while Most Happy Fella took a bath.

"That last heat was perfect," Stanley said. "You couldn't have drawn a blueprint and done it any better. And if the wind hadn't been blowing, who knows how fast he could have gone in that first heat? This is the best pacer I've ever had. I would like to race him next year, but a million dollars doesn't grow on trees, you know."

No, it doesn't. In Stanley's case it just seems that way.

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IN A LAND OF GREEN, A TOUCH OF BLUE

When the great northern pike of Lough Allen turned up their vicious noses at traditional Irish spoons, a blue Swedish plug cast the spell that lured them from the depths

by CLIVE GAMMON





Joseph Mary Mooney, ex-senator of the Irish Republic, looked up from the slice of toast he was plastering with vitamin-enriched spread. "Tell him about the big fella, Pat," he said.

A turf fire flickered brightly in Mooney's kitchen, though in the west of Ireland November is a soft, mild month, outside, in the woods around Drumshanbo village, the leaves were still green on the trees.

Pat Reynolds, silver-haired and sturdy, a master of the narrative art, hitched his chair forward. "Come here till I tell you," he said, and I leaned toward him as if hypnotized, though it was only mild narcosis brought on by the turf smoke and the strong tea that Mooney brewed.

"It was back in July he hooked him," Reynolds began. "An Englishman from Derby, or someplace, and he was using one of them copper spoons with a touch of blue to it. I was just rowing him along the shore of the first island out from the pier when this huge beast of a thing grabbed hold. It was 2½ hours before we had him beat, then didn't this bloody lot of an angler think he'd like a movin' hint of his fish lying on his side in the water, waiting for the gaff." Pat took a long suck at his tea.

continued



"I don't want to hear any more," I said, anguished.

"He was over half the length of the oar," Pat went on inexorably, "and he was lying there in the water near dead. Your man was trying to keep his head up while his missus took the pictures. He didn't jump, nor anything like that, but he just rolled over, and the wire leader broke at the swivel."

We sat in silence for a while, thinking of the great fish lost. "How big do you reckon he was, Pat?" I asked.

"I was coming to that," he said. "A week after, it would have been, I was out with this same man, and we got a good one, 24 pounds, and this time we went in to the shore to get the photographs. Then a farmer comes strolling down 'Do you think that's a big one, lads?' says he.

"It's big enough for me," says your man.

"Well, there's a bigger one nor that lying dead on my shore these last three or four days," says the farmer, and off he walks.

"It was our fish, I'll swear it. When we got down to him the spoon had gone, but you could see the scar. The birds had been at him, and the smell was awful, but we shoved the lot into a plastic sack and brought it back to the village. The remains," said Pat reverently, "weighed 58 pounds."

"A new world-record northern pike," I mourned.

"World record, is it?" asked Mooney from behind his late breakfast. "We'd have that broke fast enough on Lough Allen if the boys would leave the trout alone for a bit and concentrate on the pike."

From his kitchen in Drumshanbo, Joe Mooney runs the County Leitrim Local Development Association, in intervals of tending to his real-estate business. Leitrim is a small, beautiful county, very green and soft, with curlen-haunted mountains and pike-haunted lakes, but it is far away from the Killarney-Galway Bay tourist track, which troubles Joe a great deal. That was why he hadn't hesitated when I'd called him the previous evening to ask about the pike-fishing prospects on Lough Allen. Naturally,

he is also secretary of the Drumshanbo Angling Club.

"What time can you get over in the morning?" he shot at me.

It was all a little difficult, really. My quest for a big Irish pike was already running into trouble. I'd had a firm tip-off about a small, hundred-acre lough below the hills of County Sligo called Templehouse Lough. Unhappily, the night before I arrived a storm in the mountains had sent down thousands of gallons of floodwater that had turned the lake so rich a brown you couldn't see a spoonbait six inches under the surface. Already I'd fished Templehouse for four days, and the biggest pike I'd had was a four-pounder. But slowly it was clearing. Next day it could be just right.

"I'm not sure about tomorrow yet," I told Joe.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "I'll have Pat Reynolds in to meet you. He's the finest pike man in Ireland."

"I'll have to think about it," I said.

"Right," said Joe. "Call round to me in the morning. The yellow house opposite the church. Nine-thirty."

Small, dynamic men like Joe Mooney are difficult to argue with, especially when they tram on vitamin spread, and even before I'd talked with him I was half convinced that I'd have to change ground. That in itself would require a little moral courage. I had booked in for a week at the hotel in Ballymote, the village nearest to Templehouse Lough, and Jimmy Hogg, who kept it, and the locals who drank in the bar each evening were following the progress of my pike quest with the absorbed interest that Irishmen have in any sporting event. If their goodwill had anything to do with it I'd have had a 20-pound specimen already. Now I was going to have to tell them I would be fishing another lough 30 miles away and, worse still, in County Leitrim. But I steeled myself. It was big pike I was concerned with, not a public-relations exercise. And Lough Allen would surely have big pike. It was deep, wide and Irish.

The Irish have the biggest northern pike in the world and, with odd exceptions like Pat Reynolds, they resent it deeply. Pike are interlopers. They were

introduced as recently as the Middle Ages, probably by the English. They also eat salmon and trout, which are the only freshwater fish that Irish anglers consider worth catching. Some of the more liberal-minded will concede that in winter a man may amuse himself by towing a big spoon round the lake for pike, but it's not done in the best circles. It will be a long time before I forget the shocked silence in the bar of the Sheelin Shamrock Hotel when a man came in and reported that a couple of Frenchmen were out on the lough trolling for pike. This was at the height of the mayfly season, the brilliant fortnight when the biggest trout rise from the depths of Lough Sheelin to feed on the surface, for which boats and hotel rooms have to be booked a year ahead.

I said nothing at the time, but I could understand the obsession that kept the Frenchmen systematically working their pike spoons while heavy trout rose noisily around their boat. I could understand it because I shared it.

An English fishing writer named Jack Hargreaves once came near explaining the mystery of the pike's fascination when he said that it was the only fish that looked you straight in the eyes. There is a scientific explanation: unlike most fish, a pike has binocular vision. He *does* look you in the eyes. But no zoology textbook can convey the sheer menace of a pike, its murderous streamlining, its lonely, tyrannical personality. Pike, huge smashers of tackle, attain to individual names. The Green Devil occupied a high proportion of the waking thoughts of my friends and me when I was 16 or so. He lived under the arches of a bridge that spanned an arm of a lake we fished, and he was hooked maybe twice a year. He always broke away. Was he 50, 60 pounds? In fact he was just under 30. A farm worker shot him in the reeds along the shore at spawning time. But we never really believed that the once and future Green Devil had gone forever.

Trout have only a brief individual existence, from the time they are hooked until they are in the net. Trout fishermen talk about limit bags, pike men about once-in-a-lifetime monsters. And

if they haven't told too many lies about the giants they have hooked their souls finally migrate to the wild, gray acres of Irish pike loughs.

If they are lucky they may get there sooner, of course. Their tackle boxes will be crammed with expensive plugs and spoons, all of which will be condemned as useless by their gillies, who will also fall about laughing at their ridiculously light tackle. But they are sustained by thoughts of monsters, like the 53-pounder that was said to have been taken in Lough Cong in 1922. Sadly for big pike legend, the Irish Specimen Fish Committee withdrew recognition of the Lough Cong monster on Jan. 1, 1970. It was insufficiently documented by present-day standards. But this fish existed. Its huge preserved head is still to be seen in the Natural History Museum in London.

Big Irish pike are not as numerous as they once were. Since 1957 the trout-oriented Irish have waged war on them through the agency of the Inland Fisheries Trust, whose net crews have taken almost half a million northern pike from such major trout fisheries as Mask, Corrib, Conn and Sheelin. Their catches included some huge fish, the biggest a 50½-pounder from Lough Mask. This pike

was a mere eight years old. It had at least five more years of growth in it.

Nevertheless, one last great redoubt remains for the Irish northerners: the Shannon system, which is too vast and complex to be turned into a pure trout fishery. The loughs of Derg, Ree, Key and Allen and the river that connects them hold huge pike still, arguably the biggest in the world.

There are fine pike, too, in lesser strongholds, small lakes in the western hills that have never been developed for trout fishing, and the first problem the big pike hunter has to solve is whether to fish small, manageable waters, which he can read and interpret if he is experienced, or to attack the wide, anonymous waters of such a lough as Allen, which is eight miles long, three across and deep and rocky to boot. On the big lakes, trolling is the only possible method of covering the ground. On the small waters, there is scope for the niceties of tossing a plug between lily pads or rowing silently into a promising bay in the reeds and working a big copper spoon along the shore.

Had not Templehouse I caught suddenly turned the color of drinking chocolate, maybe I would never have gone

near Allen. As it was, after four bad days it was good sense to change.

"I think I'll give Templehouse a rest today," I said carefully to Jimmy Hogg, picking my words. "I might give Allen a try."

He looked at me as if I'd walked into church with my hat on.

"A lake that size wouldn't color up so easily," I explained.

"I hope," said Jimmy obscurely, "the weather holds for you."

I backed out, still apologizing, but I felt better three-quarters of an hour later, sitting in Mooney's warm kitchen, listening to sagas of the great pike fights of the past as the clock ticked the forenoon away.

"You'd better have a look at my lures," I said to Mooney, breaking the spell. I wanted to get this hit over early, having had my tackle insulted by local experts in many parts of the world. Pat wasn't too seething, though. I had a couple of the traditional six-inch copper and silver spoons, and these were approved of. "I'll just get my Magic Marker," said Pat, "and touch them up a little." Returning with a thick, felt-tipped pen in his fist, he began daubing the undersides of my spoons. "A small bit of blue is what the big ones love," he said. "Have you anything else at all with blue in it?"

From the bottom tray of my tackle box I disentangled the pride of my collection, a long Swedish plug, blue and white with black bars. "What in the name of God is that?" said Pat, recoiling theatrically. He knew what it was, all right, but it is an article of faith among Irish boatmen that Irish pike, unlike those of any other nation, will not take plugs.

"You haven't seen anything yet," I told him, dragging out a couple of wildly colored American creations with the engaging name of Bump 'n' Grind. The main feature of these plugs was a vast silver diving lip almost half their length. "They would go just fine on top of a bloody Christmas tree," said Pat satirically.

I didn't rise to that one. The battle of the plugs was going to be fought out later, when the fishing started. I closed

continued



He exploded and showed himself, breaching clean and standing on his tail.



the tackle box and waited to be cross-examined on rods and reels, but Pat was more liberal in this sector. Eleven-pound-test line was acceptable, so long as I had plenty of it.

"I have scales here," said Joe Mooney, as we left the womblike coziness of his kitchen. "Call back with the big one and I'll weigh him."

The kitchen was a lot more cozy than Lough Allen. Irish lakes are usually softly beautiful, with green shores and gently wooded islands. Allen, though, is very different. The black foothills of the Ox Mountains hem it in to the west, and the eastern shore lies at the foot of Slieve Anierin (Iron Mountain). Its islands are pikes of dark, slaty rock, and when the north wind is channelled down the lake big seas run and the slim-built local boats cannot be used.

The waves were breaking white when we hauled Pat's boat into the water, but the blow was sou'westerly, a good fishing wind. "We'll head up north to start," said Pat. "There's a bit of an island up there that's a great place for a big fish." He started the motor so that I could run the trolling baits out fast without fouling the bottom of the lake. After that, though, it was going to be all oars. You can catch big trout trolling on the motor because they always like a fast, straight motion. For pike you need the slow, erratic progress of a spoon towed by oars.

It was the spoon I was trolling, naturally. The time had not yet come for independence. We came up to the island, white froth from the waves blowing across the black stones, and Pat brought the boat round so that the spoon would swing across the point. He rowed rhythmically, and the slow throb at the rod tip showed that the spoon was working well. Mallards went spluttering up from the island shore within easy shot. "Wouldn't those felias know we haven't a gun between us?" Pat asked philosophically. If I hadn't been watching the ducks, I'd have seen the rod dip, but the first thing I registered was the reel click screaming. I grabbed the rod, and Pat stabbed the oars down in the water to check the boat. It was hard to judge the fish in the first second or two. "Is

there any weight in it?" Pat shouted as he brought the boat around.

I could feel a sullen thumping deep in the water as the pike held its ground, then the line slackened. "We'll see him now," I yelled. He was going to come up. I knew I hadn't lost him and, yes, he came out of the water 50 yards away, lashing on the surface, shaking his head. A nice fish, but not a big fish. A good live-ly one of 12 pounds or so. "We won't write home about him," said Pat, and in five minutes he had the small, sharp gaff slipped into the V of the fish's jaw so that we could put him back unharmed. I looked at my first pike from Lough Allen—sleek, primrose-mottled flanks and the lethal jaws clenched tight, the only movement the curl of the raked-back dorsal.

I eased him back over the gunwale. A golden flash in the water, and he was gone. "It's the touch of blue that does it," said Pat. "Let out the spoon again."

But we fished back down the island shore without response, nor was there any action in the next hour until we started to cross the lake for a reef on the far shore. Then the reel screamed again, but there was no life in the rod. "Gone foul," I told Pat. The spoon, working deep, was hung up in weed. I hauled it free, then retrieved fast. I thought there was certain to be pike-repelling weed on it. Halfway to the boat, though, it was grabbed hard, and I was into a fish, not big but swimming and changing direction faster than any pike. I guessed what it was before it broke surface: a good thick trout of about three pounds—and a month out of season. Committing, as far as I know, my first offense against the fishery laws of Ireland, I got it into the boat and asked Pat to tap it on the head. "I've got plans for this one," I said.

It was time to get the big rod out, the one I'd brought for such a moment. With wire and treble hooks I rigged a formidable harness for the trout. I tried him alongside the boat, and he troiled sweetly.

We went ahead again fast, with the bait and the spoon astern. There was a good mile of barren water to cross before we reached the islands of the west-

ern shore. Though the central deeps of Allen are black and mysterious, the theory is that they hold no actively feeding pike, so we crossed on the motor, with the lures working faster and shallower than I would have allowed them to had we been fishing seriously.

If we weren't serious, though, whatever grabbed the trout was. The rod came over, and there was a three-second shriek from the reel. By the time I had the rod in my hands, though, everything had gone slack. I reeled in. No trout, and the treble hooks and wire mount dangled limply at the end of the line.

"It could have hit a log," I suggested. Pat gave me a look. He knew as well as I did that waterlogged timber floating below the surface does not have the capacity to pull a three-pound trout away from a wire mount. He said nothing, but he cut the engine and picked up the oars again. From now on even the barren water was going to be taken seriously.

When we got to the nearest island we went ashore for lunch, dragging the boat up onto the pebbles and hunting around for driftwood to make a fire. When we had it blazing, Pat filled a smoke-blackened kettle with lake water and set it on top. "I'd rather be sitting here," he said, "than over beyond." He stubbed a thumb in the direction of another small island a couple of hundred yards to the south. It looked like a perfectly normal island to me. "What's wrong with it?" I asked him.

"There's a fella living over by Drumshanbo could tell you," he said. "He went in there one time, and he thought he'd take a souvenir back with him, one of them old skulls that's lyin' there in the shallow water."

"Old what?"

"The skulls belonging to the old monks that used to be in it one time. Anyhow, the first morning after he brought it home didn't he fall downstairs and break his leg. And late that evening there was an awful rapping at the back door and nobody there when the missus went down. That went on for three nights, and then his brother-in-law put the skull in a plastic bag and he rowed over to

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Take us up on our challenge—and measure
your Bourbon against Benchmark.

We think you'll find that all the craftsmanship
and skill and old-fashioned care that go
into it do make a difference.

A measurable one.





1971. You've changed.

Change. That's what putting you first is all about.

These are uneasy times.

There are major concerns. About pollution.

About safety. About the economy. About your hard-earned dollar. We know.

For the past 10 years Chevrolet research people have questioned thousands of people on every subject from rising taxes to the size of the glovebox in their cars.

We've found that price and maintenance costs, trade-in value and quality have become tremendously important.

Your car has to work. It has to last. And each new model must have more built-in value.

At Chevrolet, we understand.

You want meaningful change. And our aim is to give that to you, as you'll see in the 1971 Chevrolets.

Caprice. The biggest Chevrolet ever. The change is complete. Bigness in itself is nothing. But if it allows you to lengthen the distance between the front and rear wheels (which we did), then you've got something.

You've got a smoother ride.

The idea in the 1971 Caprice was to give you the looks and comfort of a six- or seven-thousand-dollar car, without asking you to pay that much for it. And above all, to build in as much dependability and



Chevrolet



Caprice Sedan

We've changed.

security as possible.

So we changed the body structure for 1971, too. We made it stronger. And we made it quieter by putting a double layer of steel in the roof.

Caprice, as you can see above, is a lot of luxury at a Chevrolet price.

Vega. The littlest Chevrolet ever. It wasn't changed from anything.

Before building Vega, we read everything we

could get our hands on about little cars.

We talked to owners.

We studied little cars up one side and down the other and, literally, tore them apart. We found out exactly what made them tick, or why they didn't tick.

What ticked were gas economy and dependability. What didn't were underpowered engines, cramped quarters and getting blown around in the wind.

In our little Vega, everything ticks. It's not just another little car. You didn't want *that*. It's one little car that does everything well.



Worth seeing. Worth owning. Worth waiting for.

**We don't make #70 clock radios
just to wake you up in the morning.**



People who can afford that don't have to get up in the morning.

This is for people who do. But whose ears, in this hi-fi age, are accustomed to something better than the usual clock radio sound.

It's a solid state FM/AM radio. It has a large 4" oval dynamic speaker. A powerful 2.5W (max.) output. In short, the sound is rich, robust, superb.

Of course, it will wake you up. It will even do it with style.

For your bleary eyes, the time in big, clear numbers (Who's 20/20 at 6-40?)

For your bleary ears, music. Loud (For 1 hour in the morning, the volume automatically goes to a higher level to wake you up.) Or, if you need it, a relentless little buzzer that goes off every 2½ minutes.

It wakes you up even if you forget to set it at night. (Pre-set it once; it goes off automatically every day.)

The clock makes sense. But the radio makes beautiful music. So it won't have to stay in the bedroom. Your ears don't.

**The SONY Digimatic
SFC-79W**



the island and put it back where it came from. They were never disturbed after that."

For a while we sat silently, drinking the thick, dark tea and eating homemade bread and thick slices of ham. The wind had softened, and the waves no longer broke white. "You could get your big one this afternoon," said Pat, and I had the same intuitive feeling that the water had come alive.

"I'm going to try a plug," I told him, choosing a moment when he'd be feeling mellow. I fished out the long blue Swedish jug and set the lip so that it would swim deep. "Try it," said Pat magnanimously, "but keep the spoon on the other rod."

As we rowed away from the island, I let out line and watched the plug bob away in our wake like a small light-house. I let it go 50 yards astern, then I tightened up. It dived purposefully. I sent the spoon over the side after it, and it couldn't have traveled a hundred yards before it was firmly taken by a pike a little bigger than the one we'd had in the morning.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Pat, slipping him back a while later. "You'll never beat the good old spoon."

I was just thinking out an answer to this as we rowed along with the lines out again when there was a heavy strike on the plug. "You'll never beat the good old plug!" I shouted as Pat got the oars in fast, took up the other rod and brought the spoon in.

By then I was standing in the stern, yielding line in long bursts. I could see how it was dwindling on the spool, and I yelled at Pat to get hold of the oars as fast as he could and bring the boat round. Every few seconds came pulverizing thumps at the rod tip, more savage than either of the other fish had been able to manage. There couldn't have been much more than 30 yards of line left on the reel when Pat started to gain ground for me.

After that the fight was more sudden for a while, as the fish sounded and I thought of the tumbled black boulders and snags of the lake bed and the way the line could be taken round them. But Pat kept moving in on the fish, and I finally

had him within 50 yards of the boat.

Then he exploded the water and showed himself, breaching clear, standing on his tail and shaking his great head, gill covers wide open to show the scarlet underside and the white cavern of the mouth. He sounded again, and moved fast into me as I madly recovered line to keep in touch. "He thinks the boat will give him shelter," said Pat, and he was right. For 10 minutes his tactics were the same. Wild flurries at the surface that turned our hearts over as the dappled flanks showed clear, then short runs of 20 or 30 yards before he turned again and tried to get under the boat. Then the runs became shorter. The tail-lashing fury on the surface dwindled to heavy rolls. Pat laid the gaff ready across the thwart, and soon there came the first gleam underwater of the white belly.

"You have him now," said Pat, but when he loomed out over the fish, gaff in hand, there were enough reserves left for a last despairing run in the shadow of the boat before he was on his side defeated, his great golden eyes looking up at the boat and the awful jaws unmoving. Pat slipped the gaff into the V, then used two hands to get him aboard. The fish lay quietly in the bottom of the boat, and I put the rod down. My hands were shaking. Pat got the hooks out and looked at the plug. "Didn't I tell you?" he said shamelessly. "It's the touch of blue that does it."

The Swedish plug took three more pike that afternoon, but where I wanted to be now was in Mooney's kitchen, getting the use of Mooney's scales. Any northern pike over 20 pounds is a trophy fish. Mine was certainly that, but I wanted to know precisely.

Twenty-six and a half it went, a hen fish, naturally. All big pike are, but when you are fighting one and it comes up in the water and shakes its great head at you, you can never think of it as anything but masculine.

"Look at the belly of it," said Mooney. It was loose and empty. "That fella had just started to feed when you hit him. If you'd given him half an hour you'd have had a 30-pounder on your hands."

It was still a fine fish, though, and we took it to the convent up the road. The nuns were glad to see it. It would make a great feast for the poor children, they said. At least I hadn't killed it just for the satisfaction of weighing.

All over Drumshanbo my pike was good news. That wasn't going to be the case in Ballymore. I drove back slowly, planning my excuses. I parked quietly and took as long as I could to change upstairs. But I couldn't stay in my room all evening. I had to face them in the bar.

"Did you do any good?" Jimmy Hogg asked me, polishing a glass.

"I, uh, had one or two," I said.

"Was there any size in 'em?"

"Biggest 26½," I muttered. "Six fish, average around 14."

"Is that right?" said Jimmy, flatly.

"You won't be wanting the boat on Templehouse tomorrow, then?"

"Well, I thought it might be, uh, just worth taking a look at Allen again," I said. Most of that evening I watched television.

Pat and I had a small but appreciative crowd to see us off at the pier next morning. The word had got round. "If you got a mee little fella about six or seven pound would you bring it back for us, mister?" a small boy said. Next day was Friday, I remembered. Other, slower-thinking, boys pushed round to press their claims "No more orders," said Pat. "Tis unlucky."

We fished the blue plug right from the beginning this time, and we took seven pike for the day, failing, however, to get one small enough to match our client's specifications. The biggest took the plug at 3:30 in the afternoon, almost at the same time the big one hit the previous day. This time it was a shorter, thicker fish that fought strongly but very dourly, keeping deep and sulking a lot and not showing itself until it was almost ready for the gaff. I had a pocket scale with me this time, so we didn't kill it. A shade over 25 pounds.

We put back the pike with care, and it sank slowly out of sight in the dark water. "They'd have made a fine pair," said Pat.

They would have, too, set up in a trout-

continued



Bond Street is one pipe tobacco that refuses to be hurried. It burns slow and lazy-like, to stretch out your pleasure just one pipetful will last long enough for you to watch your wife get a good long workout on your tandem bike. You'll be quite happy with the good Bond Street flavor (and anyone within sniffing distance is sure to say something nice about the aroma).



Light this pipe — takes its own good time about burning.

The Lazy Pipe Tobacco

If Oscars Were Given For The Best Business Opportunities In America

The odds are a certain Colorado-based firm would win hands down. You'll be convinced of this when you read "New Roads to Opportunity and Wealth" booklet.

It is of special interest to those who are hungry for facts and opportunity. If you'd like to be the "boss" in an independent business and have a sounder amount of income, there may be a great opportunity for you with this organization should you qualify. It deals with a service that completely holds its dominance in unopposed oligopoly, should a true copy of the booklet will be mailed to you on request.

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**YOUNG
CAR THIEVES
NEED YOUR HELP
DON'T GIVE IT
TO THEM**

Lock your car. Take your keys.

phy room. The odds against taking two 20-pound-plus pike in two days must be very high. But I had other things on my mind.

"How the hell am I going to explain this one away back in Ballymore?" I asked Pat.

He kept a prim silence. It was not for him to comment on the shortcomings of pike fishing on the wrong side of the Sligo border.

I tried to carry it off as best I could. "Not so good as yesterday," I told them that evening. "More fish, but the biggest was 25."

The shoulders of the clientele, which had relaxed over pints of black stout at my first words, stiffened again. That evening I sat through the news in Irish, then a vintage Spencer Tracy movie, before retiring early for the night.

I was up early in the morning, too, all packed and ready. When I went down to breakfast Jimmy Hogg was waiting. He had a resigned look about him. "I had your bill made out early," he said. "I thought you might be wanting to leave."

I told him truthfully that I had never eaten finer T-bone steaks than those supplied in his restaurant. Somehow that didn't seem enough.

"I suppose you'll be moving across to Drumshanbo now," he said.

Only for one day. I assured him. The Canada geese had just started to fly into Allen. From Saturday on Pat would be out shooting.

"The pike are there in Templehouse," Jimmy said.

"It's just that the water's colored," I told him.

"Big ones," said Jimmy.

"I'll have to come again," I said.

I didn't stop feeling guilty until I was 20 miles east and saw the first signpost for Drumshanbo. Then I realized the stupidity of apologizing for catching big pike.

As Pat and I dragged the boat down into the water, he said, "I hope you brought the plugs with you." I could see that the long process of converting the Irish had begun.

We fished blank for the first hour, then found a small complex of islands

on the east shore we began to meet fish. By lunchtime we had boated seven good Allen pike. Secretly, though, I was hoping for the near impossible—a third trophy fish, to make three in three days.

Reading my thoughts, Pat said, "Wouldn't it be something to talk about if you got another big one?" I laughed deprecatingly. I was sure that voicing the wish would kill it stone dead.

Through the good hours of the afternoon we had no action, except when the smallest fish of the trip hung itself onto the Swedish plug. Slowly the light was beginning to fade, and the clouds were darkening over the Iron Mountain. "What about that funny-looking fella you showed me on Wednesday?" Pat asked.

"Is it this one?" I said, holding up the psychedelically colored Bump 'n' Grind.

"That's him," said Pat. "Give the Yankee bait a chance."

I snapped it on. We had maybe half an hour before the light went altogether. Skins of gray geese passed over, calling like hounds in full cry. The wind had dropped. Pat picked up the dripping oars again, and we started to troll close in to the shore, where the bottom felt off steeply.

The rod tip checked, then came hard over. "That's the one," I said quite confidently to Pat. I could feel the weight in the fish.

By the time Pat got the gaff in him it was dark, and we homed in on a cottage light beside the pier. Ashore, I checked the weight by torchlight. The needle flickered just below the 23 "Call him 22½," I said. I waded in knee-deep and slid him back into the lake.

Later we sat in Joe Mooney's kitchen in the red light of a lamp hanging on the wall. "It's a shame, now," said Mooney, "that you wouldn't be going out again tomorrow."

"Pat's after geese," I said, "and I've been fishing long enough to know when to stop. You can't improve on the miraculous."

"In Drumshanbo," said Mooney firmly, "the miraculous has always been our specialty."

END



Ever since we got together, the world has taken on a different look.

No, the giants haven't disappeared.

When we got together, we didn't expect them to.

But, happily, the world has taken on a different look.

For one thing, we, at Great Northern Nekoosa, are a lot bigger than we were before. When we were Great Northern and Nekoosa Edwards.

Now we have combined assets of \$430 million, combined sales of \$340 million and a net income of \$20 million a year.

Which means we can look forward to more financial power in the future.

For another thing, we're better situated in the marketplace. Because we're in more markets.

We're the country's leading independent producer of newsprint and containerboard. And a leading producer of high-grade business communication, printing and publishing papers.

We're a major innovator of papers for computers and copiers. And a major producer of papers for directories, catalogs, magazines, paperbacks and special supplements.

If one of our markets happens

to be down, chances are others will be up.

Since we got together, the world has never looked better.

If you'd like to find out more about us, write to Peter Paine, Chairman of the Board, Great Northern Nekoosa, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

**GREAT
NORTHERN
NEKOOSA**
CORPORATION

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—In the most projected and controversial edition of the America's Cup, **INDEPEND** left the trophy on U.S. shores by defeating *Australis*'s game *Lord Alligator* race to one in the heads-off Newport, R.I., June 27.

BOXING—Scotland's **KEN BLANCHAN** won a narrow split decision to upset Britain's favored champion *Donna* *Laguna* of *Panama* in a 15-round light-weight title fight in Tokyo, champion *YOSHIDA* and *MIYATA* of Japan scored a 10th-round knockout over *Raul* *Rean* of the United States.

FENCING—THE SOVIET UNION and HUNGARY won the saber and épée team titles in the world championships in Ankara, Turkey. The Soviet team defeated Hungary 9-3 in the épée, but the Hungarians won *artistic* over Poland in épée.

GOLF—THE UNITED STATES won the 11th edition of the world amateur championship by 12 strokes in Madrid, with New Zealand second. Dale Bailes of South Africa was individual medalist with a 72-hole score of 291. The two top Americans were U.S. Amateur champion *Leslie* *Wadsworth* and *Mark* *Waters* of *Idaho*.

MAISON RUDOLPH won \$12,000 and his first year victory since 1966 when he won a six-under-par 64 on the final day to capture the \$60,000 Green Haul Open in Columbus, Ga.

GENE ANDRUS of *Whittier*, Calif. defeated *Jim* *Forn* of *Indian Wells*, Calif. to win the U.S. Senior Amateur in South San Francisco.

In *Duluth*, *Scotland*, U.S. Open champion **TONY JACK** lost a 21-under-par 267 to win the *Mullin* Open over *Peter* *Townsend* at 273 and favorite *Bill* *Carper* at 276.

FOOTBALL American Conference The **N.Y. YOK** is rebounding from a 10-14-1 record to 11-21 Monday night loss to Cleveland by securing three interceptions and a four-point lead in four touchdowns and a 11-21 Sunday victory over *Boston*. It was the Jets' eighth straight win over the Patriots. Quarterback *Bob* *Griener* had two long drives with scoring passes of three and five yards at *Miami* ended a minor upset by *John* *Waller* of *Baltimore*. The *Baltimore* Redskins' rookie defense against *Los Angeles* only gave the Rams' new kicker, *Steve* *Ray*, the chance to try and make a four-field goal in a 19-0 Rams victory. Two other kicking specialists were *Jim* *Szatmari*, *QAR-LAND*, *Georgia*. *Blanda* was made on a 25-yard

attempt with nine seconds remaining, and the Rams were left with a 27-10 record. **SAN DIEGO** Charger Quarterback *John* *Hall* fired two fourth-quarter scoring passes to forge the knockout. *Gene* *Mingo* of Pittsburgh also blew a key field goal attempt, a 27-yarder in the last two minutes, that prevented a 19-13 Denver win. The Steelers had earlier lost a 13-7 fourth-quarter lead slip away when Quarterback *Terry* *Bradshaw* was dumped for a safety and the Steelers followed with a 49-0 scoring march.

National Conference **DILBERT**'s bid for a second straight straight finish ended the final 26 seconds when Cincinnati's *Horst* *Matheson* kicked a 50-yard field goal to the Lions had to make do with a 16-3 victory. *Frank* *Cox* kicked four third-downers in *MINNAPOLIS*'s 26-0 score over *New Orleans*, but the real offensive star was a Viking defense that twice scored touchdowns on blocked punts. *JOHN* *RAY* blew a 20-5 halftime lead then rallied to defeat Atlanta 27-24. The big play was *Ray* Quarterback *Don* *Harris*'s 50-yard scoring pass to *Carroll* *Ball*. *ST. LOUIS* broke even a close game with a disappointing 20-0 advantage when, on consecutive plays, *Deacon* *Black* *Miller* left picked off a *Sony* *Jagerson* pass for 19 yards and rose touchdowns, and teammate *Jerry* *Stovall* brought another back to the one. Despite his errors in the 27-17 loss, *Jagerson* passed *John* *Ure* and *Y.A. Little* as the only 54-quarterbacks to complete over 2,000 passes. Quarterback *John* *Bridges* command his rally, moving with 20 completions in 31 attempts, good for three touchdowns in *NAN HAN* *CINCINNATI*'s 34-31 upset of Cleveland. Two of the drives were to *Heath* *Thomas* the scored a 41-yarder midway through the fourth period that brought the drive from behind.

HARBINE RACING—MOST HAPPY TILLA, by capturing the first and third moniker titles, won the 14th *Brown* Jug at the Delaware (Ohio) County Fairground, *Geary* 6th, his second straight in the Triple Crown last year.

QUICK PRIDE caught *ACE*'s *Green* in the final 40 yards to capture the making \$60,000 *Yankee* *Harmann* Trot for 3-year-olds at *Yankee* *Racetrack* in 2:04.

HORSE RACING—BOY NAMATH ended a string of six straight losses by winning a scintillating sprint at *Belmont Park* by 1 1/2 lengths over *Frank* *Stank*. The *Horseshoe* 3-year-old gelded \$14-40.

HOLDBERS—REINSTATED TO THE SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY football team, eight black players who had been suspended following a racially inspired controversy that began in spring practice.

Four were found academically ineligible, however, and at week's end all returned to school.

ACCREDITED By the board of directors of the NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION is a narrow vote, a proposal that will send two teams from each of the four new divisions into the postseason playoffs.

SUSPENDED Six of the United States' top women's professionals, *BILLIE* *JEAN* *KING*, *NANCY* *KICHY*, *RONALDA* *CASALS*, *PILCHER* *BARTAGLIA*, *VALIE*, *20th* *CHAMPION* and *KRISTY* *PRESTON*, by the International Tennis Federation, making them ineligible for U.S. rankings, and the Wimbledon Cup since *Brengle* they had entered an unseasoned tournament.

PLEADED To the U.S. Olympic Committee for the 1977 American team, but the date records of new year's National Airlines Golf Tournament in Miami, and the proceeds from a \$500-a-person program event, expected to total \$500,000.

CANCELED At least until 1977, the \$800,000 *DOW JONES* OPEN, richest event ever on the pro golf tour, after it and TV commitments over the springing *John* & Company *Wall Street Journal*, etc. It was, half a million dollars this year.

AGRIED By the Joint Committee on a Uniform Bill of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of Scotland and the U.S. Golf Association, after years of study and tests, that a uniform golf ball is "possible" for use throughout the world. It suggested the committee recommendation would result in a standard ball a maximum of 1.68 inches in diameter, replacing the 1.61-inch U.S. and 1.62-inch British ball.

SIGNED For a 150-pound heavyweight title fight in Detroit on Nov. 18, champion *Joe* *Frazier* and 145-pounder *John* *Forster* of *France*, who will be making the first defense of his 15-month-old title, will have a 25-round weight advantage.

SENTENCED To six months in jail plus three years' probation, former University of California basketball star *BOB* *PRESTON* in a 1966 case and conviction that forced out *Cal* *Crack* *Race* *Harris*.

FIELD By *DON* *HORN*, reserve quarterback of the *Green Bay Packers*, a basketball team that losted *Don* of \$17,312 and assets of \$5,600.

NAMED To the President's Conference on Physical Fitness and Sports, Washington Senator *Maxwell* *T.D. WILLIAMS*, Pro *Don* *JACK* *NICHOLS*, former *Jack* *EDDIE* *ARND* and 16-year-old *ARM* *Athletic* Director *JANE* *GUTHRIE*.

CREDITS

12-*Don* *Shaw* 14-*Don* *Shaw* 16-*Don* *Shaw* 18-*Don* *Shaw* 20-*Don* *Shaw* 22-*Don* *Shaw* 24-*Don* *Shaw* 26-*Don* *Shaw* 28-*Don* *Shaw* 30-*Don* *Shaw* 32-*Don* *Shaw* 34-*Don* *Shaw* 36-*Don* *Shaw* 38-*Don* *Shaw* 40-*Don* *Shaw* 42-*Don* *Shaw* 44-*Don* *Shaw* 46-*Don* *Shaw* 48-*Don* *Shaw* 50-*Don* *Shaw* 52-*Don* *Shaw* 54-*Don* *Shaw* 56-*Don* *Shaw* 58-*Don* *Shaw* 60-*Don* *Shaw* 62-*Don* *Shaw* 64-*Don* *Shaw* 66-*Don* *Shaw* 68-*Don* *Shaw* 70-*Don* *Shaw* 72-*Don* *Shaw* 74-*Don* *Shaw* 76-*Don* *Shaw* 78-*Don* *Shaw* 80-*Don* *Shaw* 82-*Don* *Shaw* 84-*Don* *Shaw* 86-*Don* *Shaw* 88-*Don* *Shaw* 90-*Don* *Shaw* 92-*Don* *Shaw* 94-*Don* *Shaw* 96-*Don* *Shaw* 98-*Don* *Shaw* 100-*Don* *Shaw* 102-*Don* *Shaw* 104-*Don* *Shaw* 106-*Don* *Shaw* 108-*Don* *Shaw* 110-*Don* *Shaw* 112-*Don* *Shaw* 114-*Don* *Shaw* 116-*Don* *Shaw* 118-*Don* *Shaw* 120-*Don* *Shaw* 122-*Don* *Shaw* 124-*Don* *Shaw* 126-*Don* *Shaw* 128-*Don* *Shaw* 130-*Don* *Shaw* 132-*Don* *Shaw* 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2-66

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1. The 3,000
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The ordinary comb is a classic.

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The only trouble is, now that men are letting their hair grow long, it doesn't function as well as it used to.

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your hair. The new Remington Hot Comb does a lot more.

It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blow or effect. Which makes a big difference.

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Or, if your hair has a great shape when you leave the barber shop, but no shape three days later, comb blowing it dry with The Hot Comb will give you back the look Harry the barber gave you.

2. Who takes care of your hair when Harry's not around?



3. The cowlick.



What's more, you know that miserable cowlick you've had since you were six?

The one that drives you nuts?

With a little heat and the brush attachment, you can put it down in seconds.

4. The wing.



The same goes for those stray chunks of hair that jut out from the side of your head because you happened to sleep on your hair the wrong way.

5. The duffle.



And you know that dumb wave in front? The one your mother loves?

The instruction book that comes with The Hot Comb will show you how to make it disappear. (We'll leave you to decide what to do about your mother.)

The book will also show you how to straighten that beautifully curly hair you hate.

It's very easy with The Hot Comb. And impossible with a regular comb.

6. Curlies are nice on girls.



In fact, about the only thing a cold comb does that The Hot Comb can't do is fit in your back pocket.

But that's a small price to pay for fixing everything that's wrong with your hair.

7. The only drawback.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PICKS

Sirs:

Tex Maule has to be fearless to predict Washington over Dallas in the National Conference's Eastern Division race (Pro Football '70, Sept. 21). The Cowboys have enough depth to win over the Redskins (not to mention the Giants, Cardinals or Eagles) with only the use of their reserves. He should have stuck with the "chokers." This is the year they will go all the way. Coach Tom Landry's complicated defense may cause some confusion for the team, but it will undoubtedly baffle the opposition with its intricacy. With the doomday defense and that explosive offense, we stand an excellent chance of seeing the Lombardi Trophy on Clint Murchison's desk the Monday morning after the Super Bowl.

DOUG AULTIN

Francis, N.H.

Sirs:

Tex Maule has really outdone himself this year. How can he pick the Washington Redskins to defeat the Cowboys, who are solid at every position and have an assortment of All-Pro's? And picking Pittsburgh in the American Conference Central Division? That's a little ridiculous. The Bengals, Browns and Oilers each have a shot at the title. The Steelers could possibly finish last. Mr. Maule, however, made an excellent selection in picking Detroit to win its division. One final prediction: the Jets in the American East.

JUDY YARLON

West Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs:

Reading Tex Maule's prediction of the Vikings finishing second in the National Central Division and his statement that Gary Cuozzo is just a good second-string quarterback upset me very much.

Cuozzo may be a good second-string quarterback, but he is still better than most N-F-L first-string quarterbacks. He proved that against the Chiefs (*The Future Moves into the Past*, Sept. 28). With a defense like the Vikings have, Charlie Brown and his All-Stars could win the Central Division.

HUGH E. BELGARD

Saint Peter, Minn.

Sirs:

I would think Tex Maule would be tired by now of watching his hand-picked champions being defeated each season by the team he refuses to admit exists, the Cleveland Browns. However, everyone enjoys football his own way, I guess.

Oh, by the way, Tex, this year Christmas comes early. The date is Oct. 3 in Cleve-

land. Dress warm, we're awfully cold toward the Steelers.

JIM MILLEMAN

Cleveland

Sirs:

Fantastic, unbelievable, incredible, stupid are all words used to describe Tex Maule's past predictions. This year add a new word—consistent.

D. SMALL

Houston

FUNNY & SAD

Sirs:

Both Booth Lusting and John Underwood should be given a Pulitzer for their article (*The Coach Wants to See You*, Sept. 21). It was a brilliant piece of writing, funny and sad at just the right places. Its pathos and timing are worthy of Charlie Chaplin.

I howled all the way to my 2 o'clock appointment with my psychiatrist. The people on the bus thought there was something wrong with me.

Lusting can take one consolation: Losers are always more interesting than winners, especially after the Butkus article. But as Lusting might say, "After a while, losing gets to be a drag." A thousand hurrahs on an inspired piece of writing.

WILLIAM JOYCE

Department of English
University of Iowa

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Please ask Booth Lusting to write another article on the Season of Paper-Cup Kicking, or may be the Paper-Cup Kicking Game, as soon as possible. Perhaps he could sell his paper-cup idea to some toy manufacturer and get out of football for good!

Honestly, I do admire Booth's magnificent obsession. And his story was hilarious. Just hope he qualifies for the Players' Pension Fund soon. Surely he deserves it.

MONTH DAVIS

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

Your article on Booth Lusting calls to mind the story circulating in the Buffalo area after he missed that 23-yard field goal against San Diego in 1966. When asked by an old friend how the world was treating him, Booth replied, "Oh, I can't kick."

GEORGE J. STRACHAN

Amherst, N.Y.

BIG BROT

Sirs:

Robert Jones deserves a promotion for his fantastic article about Dick Butkus of

the Bears (*The Man in the Middle*, Sept. 21). Being a loyal Bear fan, I love any story concerning the Bears, but this was the utmost.

Thank goodness Dick Butkus doesn't roam the streets at night. Or does he?

TOM DeNARDI

Camillus, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your picture of Dick Butkus "biting" Willis Crenshaw's fingers goes to show the public what a vicious person he really is. Is it any wonder people label Mr. Butkus an animal? The picture speaks for itself. Back to your cage, Dick.

STEVE WYATT

Norman, Okla.

Sirs:

Not only did Robert Jones point out that Dick Butkus is the game's best middle linebacker but that Chicago's Big Bad Bear can actually talk. Not to mention that he directs the Bears' defense, one of the most complex in pro football.

EDWARD SHURN

Hamden, Conn.

RARE PERFORMER

Sirs:

Double congratulations! First to Mr. Bob Gibson on his Hall of Fame-caliber achievements and secondly to you for bringing this not-widely-known fact to your sports-minded public (*In a Changing Case, One Gay Sniff Gives a Heed*, Sept. 21). In a profession where facts and figures inevitably chronicle a man's success or failure, Mr. Gibson's accomplishments, seen in the light of his intense pride and dedication, make him worthy of the adulation of us all and in turn make those of us from cities other than St. Louis more keenly appreciate this rare performer when we have an all-too-infrequent opportunity to see him work. May SI continue to inform its readers of such milestones of greatness in their midst.

M. P. SULLIVAN

Brown Deer, Wis.

Sirs:

Is there any question who should get the Cy Young Award this year? Not only as of this writing is he 23-6 but he is hitting .311 with two home runs and 19 RBIs. He has walked only 2½ batters every nine innings and he strikes out eight per game. Whenever he takes on the mound, he can see only an equally weary Chuck Taylor in the bullpen and that's all, so he always goes all the way. His name? Bob Gibson.

GENE P. BAKER JR.

Memphis

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

Bob Gibson's fastball couldn't break a window. At least not in the "one national endorsement" mentioned by William Leggett. For that commercial Gibson fired six innings' worth of fastballs at a window pane—and couldn't so much as crack it. The reason he couldn't is that the window was made of Lexan—a remarkable polycarbonate from General Electric. It was not Plexiglas, as Leggett stated.

JIM JORDAN
Bates, Burton,
Dunsmuir & Osborn, Inc.

New York City

SEAT OF THE PANTS

Sirs:

Re your article on the flying circus (*Look, Ma, No Hands*, Sept. 14), although youthful innocence made me doubt it for a time, 20 years of active service in the U.S. Air Force ultimately convinced me that the slogan preached by the Blue Corps in magazines, on hangar walls and over the doors of operations sheds was indeed true. "There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old bold pilots."

Cool, confident, intrepid men like Bevo Howard (age 56) must scan such slogans and chuckle inwardly. The jet age has shorn single-seat flying of much of its joy and freedom. The modern military pipe fock is little more than an engineer trussed up in a G suit.

And do you know what the modern-day Air Force pilot does for kicks? He joins the local Aero Club and spends his off-duty time putt-putting about the countryside in a Piper or a Cessna and cruising in the seat-of-the-pants flying that, nowadays, comes in no other way.

ROBERT G. HENDERSON
Master Sergeant, USAF (Ret.)
Fresno, Calif.

LOVE THAT LANNY

Sirs:

One of our students, Lanny Watkins, won the U.S. Amateur golf tournament with a record-setting score. (*Big Amateur Shoot-out or Generation Gap*, Sept. 14), and our people have been basking in the glory of his victory.

This morning, however, I read the article by Curry Kirkpatrick of your magazine and have to admit that he has worked hard to take the gloss off the victory. Lanny is a truly fine young man of much better than average intelligence. To picture him as anything less is doing him a real disservice, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* should be above such unfair reporting.

GENE HOOKS
Director of Athletics
Wake Forest University
Winston-Salem, N.C.

continued

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At home, work the set off house current. And save the batteries for the backyard or beach. Where a snap-on sun hood keeps your picture from getting sunstroke.

Put the TV back into hiding and let the music out. FM or AM. Both sound big and beautiful through an oversized speaker or the private earphone.

And as you can see, there's more than one Panasonic TV with the batteries inside. Even one that fits right in the palm of your hand. See them at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. Including the "Pandora," Model TR-425R. The one new portable radio you'll want to keep an eye on.



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18TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

To those of us in the Richmond area who have known Lanny Wadkins and have followed his career in golf since he first began playing when he was 8 years old, and who have personally witnessed the tremendous personal sacrifice that this boy and all the members of his family have made to enable him to become the U.S. Amateur champion, your article was not only distorted but repulsive.

It seems that your publication no longer places any value on the qualities that make up a great athlete, and we had always thought in the past that articles in sporting news publications such as yours were written by people who knew what they were talking about. It is obvious to us from the tenor of the article that Kirkpatrick never met Lanny, knows nothing of his background and could not care less, so long as the story came off as an urbane bit of humor—at the expense of a terrific athlete who also happens to be a 20-year-old boy.

OLIVER D. RUDY
WILLIAM R. SHELDON
ERNEST P. GATES

Chesterfield, Va.

VALUES

Sirs:

David McKenzie of La Salle, other student body presidents and college administrators might do well to take a look at finances and scholarships in other areas of college life before deciding that money spent on intercollegiate sports is a poor investment (SCORECARD, Sept. 14).

What are the losses been in property damages, endowments, etc. on campuses experiencing student violence, as against amounts spent for intercollegiate sports on those campuses? At a great many colleges the athletic programs bring money into the schools and to businesses in the college towns. Campuses troubled with violence cause additional expense to local and state law-enforcement agencies, as well as causing losses to local businesses and increasing their insurance premiums.

If it gets down to dollars and cents, let's consider where you get the most for the dollar—on a football field and a basketball court or in broken windows, shattered furnishings and bombed-out buildings? Has anybody figured out how many holders of scholarships take part in student violence? Or how much money their activities bring into the school's treasury?

Check it out before blaming the rising tuition crisis on the athletic departments.

BARBARA SHIELDS

Valley Stream, N.Y.

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The new magazine for the black woman.

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Now you can get Official insignia Ponchos like the ones worn by your favorite teams. Based upon astronauts' moon suits, the Poncho's aluminized material radiates 80% of your body heat back to you. The NFL Poncho is waterproof, wind proof, and weather proof. Warmer than wool, it's the perfect protection for sports days, school days, all days. It wipes clean, and weighs less than 7 ounces. Folds small enough to be pocket-portable. NFL Ponchos come in sizes for the entire family.



Please send me the team Ponchos I've checked on the right at \$8.95 for children's sizes and \$9.95 for adult sizes. I have indicated how many of each I want. I understand that if I'm not completely satisfied I can return the ponchos within ten days and receive my money back.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ children's ponchos.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ adult's ponchos.

NOTE: Include \$5.00 postage and handling for each Poncho ordered.

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$_____ ☐ check ☐ money order

Mail To:

OFFICIAL NFL PONCHO

15 East 48th Street
New York, New York 10036

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Sizes

A. For children age 4 to 8

B. For children age 9 to 12

C. For teenager

D. For adult

Team

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- Atlanta Falcons
- Baltimore Colts
- Boston Patriots
- Buffalo Bills
- Chicago Bears
- Cincinnati Bengals
- Cleveland Browns
- Dallas Cowboys
- Denver Broncos
- Detroit Lions
- Green Bay Packers
- Houston Oilers
- Kansas City Chiefs
- Los Angeles Rams
- Miami Dolphins
- Minnesota Vikings
- New Orleans Saints
- New York Giants
- New York Jets
- Oakland Raiders
- Philadelphia Eagles
- Pittsburgh Steelers
- San Diego Chargers
- San Francisco 49ers
- St. Louis Cardinals
- Washington Redskins
- ALL PRO (insignia of all teams)

Team

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Total number Ponchos ordered

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Studies show
that excessive noise
can bring on anxiety,
bizarre bodily sensations
and personality
disintegration.



1971 LTD Brougham 2-door Hardtop

Outside, it's getting noisier and noisier. Inside a 1971 Ford LTD, it's another world. A quiet world born of strength.

Start with the Ford frame. A computer is used to locate vibration-free body mounts—so the harshness stays out and the quiet stays in. The body itself is made of heavy-gauge steel and insulated to muffle road sounds. Doors and windows are weather sealed against wind noise.

And there's new Power Ventilation so you can stay comfortable with the windows up—while the loud sounds stay out.

The Ford LTD is not only one of the strongest, quietest Fords ever built—it is also the most luxurious.

Ford's Front Room with its new instrument panel and luxurious trim is finer-car elegance at its best. For added luxury, you can choose air conditioning with au-

For fast, fast relief...
The quiet '71 Ford LTD.



FORD



Automatic temperature control. Tilt-Steering Wheel. High Back Seats. Cornering Lights. And five V-8's including our new 400-cu. in. regular-fuel V-8.

A 351-cu. in. V-8 is standard on LTD. So are: 3-speed Synchro-Smooth Shift. Front power disc brakes. New protective Steel Guard Rails. All-nylon carpeting. Easy-to-use Uni-Lock Harness. Even a self-regulating electric clock.

There are 18 new Fords to choose from including the 2-door LTD Brougham Hardtop (illus.) and a luxury LTD Convertible.

This year, come to where the strength is... the luxury is... the quiet is...

Ford gives you better ideas.

Take a Quiet Break...71 Ford.



Better idea for safety... Buckle up.



Not all Canadian
is created equal.



When it comes to great whisky,
democracy is out.

We don't create Canadian Lord
Calvert to be as good as other
Canadian whiskies. We create it to be
better.

We have years of whisky-making
experience behind us.

We use not one or two, but five
wholly owned distilleries.

We liberate only the finest whiskies
from each one.

We have the best people in the
business blend them to perfection.

We manage to create not a good,
but a great Canadian whisky.

That's what it takes to achieve
inequality.